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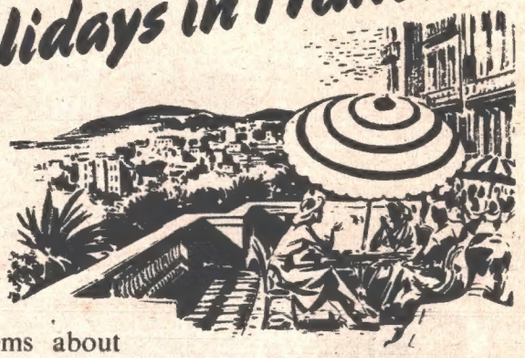

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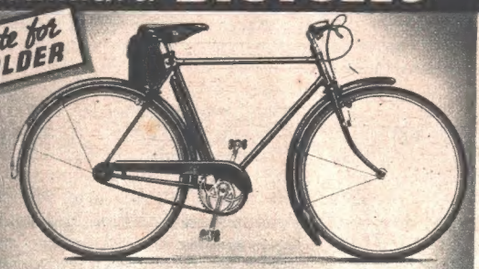

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EDITORIAL

LET'S PROTECT OUR RIVERS FROM POISON AND FILTH

WE LOOK BACK with disgust and smug superiority on our ancestors' habit of using city streets as drains. Those ancestors would look with equal disgust on our habit of using rivers not merely as drains but as open sewers.

Recently an expert investigator has written of the South Wales rivers: "They are thick with coal dust, poisoned with waste acids from iron and tinplate works, contaminated with sewage and the waste products of the gas and coke industry, sometimes polluted even in their extreme upper reaches with effluents from whale oil and chemical works; lifeless, pestiferous and foul; the vomit of our boasted industrial development. . . ."

In fact, the rivers of Britain are dying and stinking today, not so much because of industrial development in itself, but because they are inadequately protected by the law. Therefore, filth is recklessly poured into them so as to kill all life—fish and the insects and plants on which they feed—and so as to make their waters poisonous to drink and dangerous to bathe in.

This appalling state of affairs persists only because too many industries and local authorities have a financial interest in using rivers as drains.

There is a seventy-three year old Act which nominally makes it an offence "to discharge noxious matter into a stream" *unless this is necessary to an industry*. There is provision in the Fisheries Act of 1923 for anyone to sue—if he can afford it—people whose effluents kill fish or fish-food. And there is the new River Boards Act. But none of these alters the fact that nothing can be done to *prevent* pollution and very little to stop it after it has happened.

Yet pollution is quite unnecessary. It could be prevented without handicapping industry and with immense gain to fisheries, amenities and public health.

SOME industries need vast quantities of water, so the cheapest way to run them is to build factories beside rivers, taking in the water from upstream, using it and discharging it downstream laden with whatever rubbish and chemical waste is left over from the manufacturing process.

It is essential to have this flow of water. What is not essential is to return it to the river in a polluted state.

Effluent from tanneries and dye works is very destructive. And in mining areas—since there is no prohibition on letting water in any state flow from a mine—both coal dust and the substance called ochre (clay mixed with iron oxide) coat the river bottoms. This kills all plants and insects and therefore makes fish life impossible; and every flood carries the deadly slime still farther downstream.

Sewage is another great source of river pollution. Few British towns have sewage disposal plants adequate to the needs of their increasing populations. Too many rely simply on dumping sewage, often untreated, into the local river.

A healthy river, full of plant life, can absorb a good deal of filth without becoming poisoned. But there is a limit, which depends on the water's oxygen content, beyond which pollution begins and the river becomes derelict.

Sewage *can* be treated so as to make it harmless. But this requires costly plant. Where it exists it has nowhere been renewed or enlarged since the war, and in many places it has never been repaired since the depression of the nineteen-thirties.

THE more progressive local authorities do their best to avoid pollution of the rivers running through their territories. Others have no regard at all for cleanliness. They always have poured their sewage into the rivers; they always will—unless the law insists that their dirty medieval ways shall be modernized.

How greatly both industrial and sewage pollution can be reduced in a well-managed river system is shown by the West Riding of Yorkshire, where 100 years ago the streams were no better than open drains. Today all the West Riding rivers except the Don have been reclaimed by the energetic action of the local River Boards set up by a special Act in 1894. This board has campaigned for better sewage disposal and persuaded many industrialists to pass their effluents into the public sewers for treatment before they enter the rivers.

What has been done in the West Riding can be done everywhere. First, it is necessary to scrap the bad old idea that any man is entitled to throw anything into a river without regard to the injury he may do to the interests of people living downstream. Then it will be necessary to give complete protection from all harmful effluents to such important rivers as the Severn, Trent and Dee.

Some smaller rivers may have to be sacrificed to the needs of industry. But elsewhere provision of plant to make effluents harmless must be made a first charge on industry and modernized sewage works a priority in the building programme.

To enforce these measures a new, up-to-date Act of Parliament is wanted—not merely to preserve the sport of Britain's two million amateur fishermen, but for the sake of our food supplies, of public health and of the beauties of our countryside.

John Bull 186 High Holborn London W.C.1

APRIL 9, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2232 Phone: TEMple Bar 2468 Gram: Heroically, Westcent, London

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COMMUNIST PLAN IS NOW: ALL-OUT OFFENSIVE ON INDUSTRIAL FRONT

Reds in the Trade Unions

How they take their orders and how they carry them out

by DOUGLAS HYDE

Communists hand out leaflets at factory gates. Party's power to sabotage output is no mere bogy

WE CAN EXPECT trouble ahead if my old Party has its way. For last year's rather more cautious and limited attempts by the Communists at holding up production, retarding Britain's economic recovery and creating an economic crisis are now to give way to an all-out struggle for the maximum disruption of industry and of our national life.

Britain's forty thousand or so Communists organized in their factory groups, industrial committees and local branches are busy discussing just what this struggle —foreshadowed in a "call to arms" by their leader, Harry Pollitt, earlier this year—means to them.

Members active in scores of Communist-created or Communist-controlled organizations whose job is to lead non-Communists along the Party line are doing the same. The university professors, civil servants, teachers, artists, actors, and particularly the industrial workers, who make up the membership are all preparing for a busier and, to them, more stimulating time than ever.

Aid Russia, Weaken Britain

Everywhere the Party members are elated at the thought of coming struggles —industrial disputes, rent strikes, "anti-war" stunt demonstrations—designed to aid the Soviet Union and weaken Britain. For the older members it means the good old days all over again. For those of more recent vintage there is the prospect that the class war will emerge from the relatively respectable phase of recent years into something more exciting.

"Back to the open class struggle" is the cry. Or, as tall, humourless vegetarian John Mahon, London's Communist leader No. 1, has put it, "a head-on collision with the Government."

It is some fifteen months now since I heard the opening stages of the present line outlined at a *Daily Worker* editorial staff conference. I was the paper's news editor then, and as such responsible for the day-to-day application and interpretation of the Party's home policy in the Communist daily.

A Cominform Directive

The Cominform directive which resulted in Communist parties in all the Western democracies going over to sabotage of the recovery plan and opposition to Marshall Aid was being explained to the staff by J. R. Campbell, then the paper's assistant editor and industrial editor, who has since become editor following the death of William Rust.

Johnnie Campbell is one of the most likeable and intelligent of the Party's leaders, a foundation member who has specialized in industrial and economic policies. On the *Daily Worker* staff he has made a reputation for being able to absorb the contents of a weighty White Paper or the Government's highly statistical trade and navigation accounts in just about the time it would take the average intelligent person to read the first half dozen pages.

But it wasn't facts and figures that Johnnie was dealing with that January morning. It was the new line, and the staff was being prepared to do a right-about turn.

After re-stating the Cominform's directive, he explained how it meant that already the Party had in effect quietly dropped its support for drives for increased production, was no longer concerning itself with finding a cure for postwar problems and was "passing over to the offensive."

Ever since Russia came into the war we had been holding back the workers from striking. Now we would encourage them to "fight" provided it was clear that there was sufficient support to ensure that dispute would not end in fiasco. Prices, living conditions, rents, wages—these were to be the raw materials we would use in our opposition to Marshall Aid and to create difficulties for the Government. And the shock troops would be in industry and the trade unions.

It was too soon, he said, for an all-out general attack. Instead, the main industrial activities of the Party would be turned towards procuring a strike in the docks and, if possible, another in engineering. In both of those industries there was plenty of combustible material lying about.

A few questions were asked, general satisfaction and, indeed, excitement manifest all round, and then "Johnnie," with a wide grin, closed the meeting with the words: "Well, comrades, whatever else 1948 may be, it will certainly not be dull."

Humming happily to himself, he made his way down the stairs to his office, which was notable mainly for a table piled high with folders, letters, books and documents which six weeks before were being used as ammunition to prove that prosperity could only return to Britain on the basis of increased production and which were now being used for exactly opposite ends.

Within a few weeks of the plan being outlined to our staff that morning, Communist trade unionists and shop stewards all over the country began to look for opportunities for strike action, particularly in the key industries. The daily trickle of trade union leaders and party organizers visiting the Party's Industrial Department at the King Street, London, headquarters grew into a steady stream. They came, in particular, from the dockers' and engineering groups to see ex-miner George Allison, the department's head.

In the Name of "Freedom"

George is a short, stocky Scot who for years has suffered from chest trouble contracted when he was serving a stiff prison sentence in India for his Communist activities. He took over the department after leading the campaign to raise the ban imposed on the *Daily Worker* in 1941 because of its opposition to the war. This might not sound a particularly

Until his resignation from the Communist Party last year, Douglas Hyde, writer of this revealing article, had been an active Party member for twenty years. He was news editor of the "Daily Worker" from 1943 to 1948

obvious qualification for heading the Party's industrial work, but it is understandable if we look at the character of that task.

For when the *Daily Worker* was banned the Communists started a great campaign for the raising of the ban in the name of democracy and freedom of the Press—which we knew we would quickly destroy if ever we succeeded in seizing power.

During the course of that campaign we won the support of trade unions, Labour parties, Co-operative organizations and a host of other bodies. Many trade union and Labour leaders, Liberals, liberal-minded Conservatives and newspaper editors were publicly associated with known Communists and appeared on Communist platforms for the first time in their lives before the campaign was brought to a successful conclusion.

Index of Non-Party Men

The campaign spread our influence, did a lot to make the Party appear respectable to a public which is sensitive on such points, and strengthened our position in the trade unions immeasurably.

No one in the Party, by the time it finished, knew more non-Communist trade union leaders or had more contacts in the trade union district committees and branches than George Allison, the leader of the campaign.

George and his staff had them all neatly card-indexed with addressograph stencils ready for any future circularizations. So when the Party's national organizer, "Dave" Springhall, was given seven years for passing military secrets to the Soviet Union there was a new job for George.

Peter Kerrigan, another Scot, big and dour—his outstanding characteristic is an appearance of stern candour, useful to offset the bad impression created by the Springhall case—was moved into Springhall's place from the Industrial Department, and George Allison took over his job.

Envisage Head-on Clash

It was Allison who throughout last year was steering the Party's industrial policy towards the point now reached where the "comrades" in industry feel strong enough to think in terms of a head-on clash.

To understand anything at all of the strength and influence of Communism in Britain one must know how the Industrial Department works. For without the positions which the Communists hold in the trade unions and in industry the Communist Party would be of little consequence in British affairs.

Numerically it is the weakest of any of the political parties which need to be taken seriously. Yet everyone knows it is able to wield a power which makes its policies of direct interest to all who are concerned with the country's economic survival.

Working in the Industrial Department at headquarters are two or three men who spend their days seeking to direct the policy of the trade union movement from the outside. Their department is duplicated in every Communist Party district committee and branch committee throughout the land. Each is the centre of a network of groups (once called cells), who constantly pass details of trade union business back through the Party "grapevine" and in return receive directives on how to build up the fight against the "reactionary" trade union leaders and to capture the unions themselves.

Particularly useful, of course, are the Party trade union leaders, the secret members who work in Government departments or serve on official committees and the inoffensive looking girls who make a point of taking jobs as private secretaries in trade union offices. I can think of several who in the last few years have served as private secretary to one trade union official after another.

The record of the Party shows that the power of the Communists to aid or sabotage production is no red bogy. It is a reality. When the Party was opposing the war as "imperialist" the Communists in the factories and trade unions worked, as now, to make trouble. And by constantly fostering discontent in the trade union branches and on the job they were able successfully to depress morale in many important war factories and so keep down output.

Discontented workers do not give of their best, and for this reason the Communists know that they can achieve more by this means than by any acts of open sabotage, and at the same time appear as the only ones concerned with the workers' rights and conditions. A slogan of that period early in the war which is likely to be revived now that the Party policy pendulum has swung back again was: "Every factory a fortress."

Strike About a Cup of Tea

Members proceeded, where possible, to entrench themselves into trade union positions in the workshops where they would be unshakeable.

I remember the Communist convenor of shop stewards in a well-known London aircraft works boasting to me in 1940 that the Party was so strong there that it could "get a strike over a cup of tea at any time."

I was responsible for the important factory belt in which the works was situated, and I accused him of bragging. He took up the challenge, and within a few days brought the machine shop in which he was working out for half a day in protest against the quality of the tea.

And when Hitler's bombers turned East, bringing Russia into the war and the British Communist Party into the fight at last, the Communists in industry demonstrated their strength in the opposite direction. From sabotage they went over to all-out production drives and even managed to increase output, where they were strong, by means of skilful propaganda and other devices.

The Communist-run Union

Of especial use during both phases of the war was the Party-run National Council of Shop Stewards, whose activities are now likely to take on a fresh importance in view of the new line. Throughout the early days of the war its hand was to be found in almost every strike or dispute in the engineering and shipbuilding industries. The rumour of "trouble" in a war factory quickly brought its secretary, ex-furrier Peter Zinkin (now *Daily Worker* political correspondent who spends his days in the lobbies of the House of Commons) on to the scene to direct operations from without.

With Russia "in," the war became a just one, and the Shop Stewards' Council became the leader in the fight for production, enabling Communists to spread their influence far and wide in the factories. Press and radio featured the council's first big "Aid Production" conference at the Stoll Theatre as a great contribution to the war effort. Most people had no idea that the Party was behind it.

But I know how the principal speech of that conference was prepared by one of the Party's most successful shop stewards and then taken along, the night before he was to make it, to R. Palme Dutt, the Party's "brains," who has practical experience of neither factory nor trade union work, for vetting.

By the time that Dutt had finished with it hardly a word was left unchanged, and the shop steward who was to make it was almost in tears. But it was adopted as official policy next day by 2,000 shop stewards, who proceeded to carry the line into every trade union branch in the industry during the months that followed.

By such means is trade union policy made when the Communists have the opportunity.

It was during the war period that the Communists gained some of their most notable successes in the trade union field.

Wal Hannington, who for years had made a full-time job of leading the Communist-created National Unemployed Workers' Movement in its street battles with the police, recalled that he was an engineer and went into a war factory.

Communists have a rule that whatever you do you should do well, and whatever your organization you should appear to be the best member. Hannington had learned the lesson well. Despite having spent more than twenty years out of the industry he took a highly skilled job and excelled at it.

Gaining the respect of his fellows as a craftsman, he quickly obtained a position of leadership in the works. Soon he was running for the job of national organizer of the important Amalgamated Engineering Union, and got it with an unusually high majority of votes. He still holds the position.

Into the Manager's Office

The A.E.U. provides an interesting example of the Communist technique in the unions. With its system of shop stewards in the factories, rank and file Communists can quickly develop as fighters and negotiators, dealing direct with the management on the day-to-day issues as they arise.

At the same time the shop steward becomes known to the workers throughout the factory, who may belong to a score or more of different union branches in the areas from which they are drawn. He is given a considerable standing among the union's members. So when he stands for election to a union position his name is already well known over a wide area.

Communists have seen the value of such workshop organization and exploit it to the full.

There was something almost comic about the way in which middle-class Communists who had no industrial experience whatsoever — artists, former students and professional workers—disappeared into industry during the war and in a few months reappeared as fully fledged shop stewards.

One lower-middle-class girl who blossomed out as a shop stewardess at a Handley Page aircraft works had, only two or three months before her election, been singing in the chorus of an opera in the West End.

A Noisy, Active Minority

With a large number of shop stewards, a good many branch chairmen and secretaries, some district organizers and quite a few office holders "at national level," the Communists were, before the war ended, able to create the impression that they had captured the A.E.U. But there was a great deal of bluff in this, as usual. The Communists never had a majority at top level or, for that matter, at any other level of the union. It was simply that the energy of those who held such positions and the amount of noise they made created the impression that, for the anti-Communists, the battle was already lost.

And, of course, as usual, they were aided by waverers and fellow travellers who supported the Communists so long as they thought that theirs was the winning side.

The position in the National Union of

Continued on page 23

NEW AGATHA CHRISTIE THRILLER

WHO murdered Aristide Leonides, the Greek millionaire, in his family home at Swinly Dean? There are lots of clues in Agatha Christie's latest and most fascinating "whodunit"—*Crooked House*, her forty-ninth book. Yet even hardened Christie fans will be kept in suspense to the end.

Married to an archaeologist, Agatha Christie (her real name is Mrs. Max Mallowan) lives in Devon. Over fifty million of her books have been sold all over the world.

The first chapters of *Crooked House*—her new, unpublished mystery novel—will appear exclusively . . .

in John Bull next week

JOHN BULL April 9 1949

Television Plus

by CLAUD MORRIS

What is the shape of things to come in television? A pay-as-you-see idea for film fans who switch on at home is among the "extras" planned in America

THE OTHER EVENING I struggled through rain-swept streets to get to my local cinema. I sat down in my wet mackintosh with a thousand others. When I left, I had been faintly amused by the main film, merely bored by the supporting feature. I had had my not very entertaining night out.

Things might be different if British television starts making the same plans as the Americans. For not only does American television hold out a prospect of completely displacing radio in five years, but of revolutionizing the film industry in seven years.

Why trudge to the cinema and pay at the box office when television can bring big feature films right into your home? An attractive idea—but how is it to be done?

In America I have seen the answer.

The Americans are busy promoting a new form of television, called Phono-Vision. The chief backer of Phono-Vision, who talks of eventually getting it into every second American home, is E. F. McDonald, Jr., head of Zenith Radio. He told me: "American Phono-Vision can shake up the film industry and turn a large number of our picture palaces into out-of-date museums inside a decade."

Can't Expect It Free

At the moment, neither Mr. Selznick in Hollywood nor Mr. Rank in Britain will release a new film for television showing. Why should they? A film producer put it to me like this: "Some people think we should spend four million dollars making a picture with Ingrid Bergman as star, and then let everybody see it for nothing over television. That won't work, no matter what system you live under, mister!"

Televising a film to an audience with T.V. sets is a dead loss financially. That is where McDonald's idea comes in. You buy an ordinary television set, capable of receiving the normal television programmes from your local station. If you want films nightly, or even twice a week, in your own home, you ask the telephone company to attach a device which connects your set to the telephone.

Every night the television station puts on the air a big feature film. People who are *not* hooked up to Phono-Vision see merely a blurred and jumpy image on their set when they tune in to the advertised wavelength. But touch the Phono-Vision switch on your telephone, and the night's big film becomes sharp and clear.

Reason: A key frequency which unscrambles the picture is sent out over the telephone wire.

Once a week your local station will advertise its film programme for that week in the papers—just as film exhibitors do today—detailing the "admission" charges for each show. You select the film you want to see and notify the operator, who will connect your phone to the television station so that the key frequency can come over the air to your set. You get the bill for the pictures you have seen added to your monthly telephone account.

In this way, if ten million families in a television audience each pays forty cents (or two shillings) to see a show, the television station and the film company that made the picture obtain a revenue of £1,000,000, and the biggest overhead in the film business—the cost of maintaining huge cinemas—is eliminated.

The American film industry is alive to the challenge of television. It is not waiting for the mallet to descend and knock out the distribution side of the business. Paramount Pictures Corporation, for instance, has already invested about £2,000,000 in television.

Long-distance Viewing

One trouble with television in London is that a programme coming from Alexandra Palace can be seen only over a radius of about forty miles with few exceptions. This limits listeners, limits revenue from licence holders, and limits the sale of sets.

In the States television has been brought within the reach of a wider audience by means of the 2,000-mile Coaxial cable.

Television, unlike radio, cannot travel over ordinary wire. A special type of cable, capable of carrying high frequencies, has to be built for it. To defray the high cost, the television companies in America came to an agreement with the telephone people that the cable should be used for long-distance phone calls when shows were off the air.

Why can't the B.B.C., in co-operation with the Post Office, lay such a cable across Britain? True, a television cable has been laid from London to Birmingham, but a far wider area will have to be served if we are not to go on lagging behind the U.S.A.

Say we followed the American example. We could have a cable running from London to Bristol, carrying the London television programme to the Bristol station. The cable could then branch off to South Wales on the one hand and to Exeter on the other.

Trans-Atlantic Link

To cover the whole of Britain we should have to run a cable to every large city, which means we should need about 2,000 miles of cable. It is surely not an impossible feat; if television is to advance in Britain it's something that will just have to be done.

The Americans are already thinking ahead to a further step. David Sarnoff, president of the National Broadcasting Company, came over to London recently to discuss plans for laying a Coaxial cable across the Atlantic, so that viewers in America might one day see events in London, Paris and the rest of Europe as they happen.

Phono-Vision and the Coaxial cable are among the main television developments there.

Press button "A" to see as well as hear. This television hand set was exhibited before the war—in Britain. Let's regain the lead

While You're Asleep

Then there's the Facsimile newspaper. During the night, while the viewer sleeps, his television set, tuned in to the appropriate frequency, prints a newspaper. Or in the daytime he can switch on for the one o'clock news and get a complete paper delivered to him out of the machine. That's the receiving end. At the sending end a special camera televises the page of a newspaper in the studio and sends it out over the air. As it comes into the viewer's set special equipment prints the news on to photographic film or paper.

In time this development, cutting out newspaper trains and delivery vans, might revolutionize the newspaper industry—certainly in America, where distances are so great that there is no truly "national" newspaper.

And, of course, there's colour vision. The Columbia Broadcasting System has prepared a "colour converter," costing about £25, which, when attached to a television set, will convert the black and white picture to full colour.

Television can help housewives. I saw a woman in a studio put on her daily show for babies. She sits in front of the camera in the studio and entertains tiny children up to forty miles away. The idea is to relieve mothers of the job of watching the youngsters and doing the wash at the same time.

In Washington, experts of the War Department are already busy working out television's potential rôle in any future war.

Television cameras and small transmitters could be landed by parachute behind enemy lines, and proceed immediately to transmit pictures for the use of generals planning an attack.

One brass hat told me that in this way major campaigns of the future could be followed in a viewing room up to seventy miles away.

Catching Burglars

Further emphasizing how far America has sprung ahead in this new industry, there was the man who had a television set fitted to the dashboard of his car. One New York family has a television set upstairs in the bedroom, another set downstairs in the living-room, and a portable set for outdoors.

The Farnsworth Company has actually invented a television eye to be used as a burglar alarm. It is wired from big company offices and banks to police stations.

If Britain is to keep up with all these developments and bring television within reach of every family in the country, we must start planning our television revolution now.

We cannot afford to be left out of the television picture. One day there are going to be more television sets than motor cars on this earth.

It was a week before the murder. He'd been bird-watching in Croad's estate. Suddenly, the headlights of a car had revealed two men talking at the lodge gates

DEATH KEPT HIM WAITING

by LAURENCE KIRK

THE NEWS BROKE on the little town quietly without any headlines. It came in at the back door with the milk or the morning newspapers and caused a stir in the kitchen before it penetrated to other parts of the house.

In the better-class neighbourhood it was in the dining-room over breakfast that it reached the master or the mistress. The woman who had prepared the breakfast, whether she was cook or maid or daily help, could not contain the information any longer and would blurt it out one way or another. The rougher kind would give it brutally as she came into the room; the better trained, discreetly as she went out. Some would begin "Excuse me, Madam, but . . ." and others would make no excuse at all.

In either case there was the news by word of mouth; and in the little town of Crayden that meant more than anything in print.

For Crayden was one of those peaceful English towns with its roots in the past. It read its newspapers, but did not recognize the events described therein as belonging to the neighbourly, peaceful world in which it lived.

It knew that in many parts of Europe, India and China people were starving in their millions, being hunted, and dying in their hundreds of thousands. It was sorry that such things should happen and sent small contributions to alleviate the distress; but that other world of mass violence and intrigue, of hunter and hunted, seemed very remote from the quiet streets of Crayden with its timbered houses and tiled roofs, or from the grander mansions that surrounded it.

But even though Crayden remained so calm over the fate of millions of Chinese, it could be stirred to the core over anything untoward that happened to one of its own inhabitants.

Even a broken leg or a case of pneumonia could cause quite a commotion. And this was a great deal more than that. For the second time in twenty-six years violence had come to Crayden, stealthily, suddenly, in the night; and what was more disturbing, in exactly the same form.

Here in cross section is how Crayden awoke to the news that quiet September morning. At The Limes in Harnett Street, where Mrs. Spenser lived alone with her capped and aproned maid and where everything was just so, the white-haired old lady was just filling her cup from the polished silver teapot when Mary, who belonged to the same white-haired generation, paused respectfully at the door.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but there's something which I think you ought to know."

Mrs. Spenser finished pouring her tea.

"Yes, Mary, what is it?"

"That new Mr. Croad, Ma'am." Mary braced herself. "He was found dead this morning."

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Spenser put the teapot down carefully. "I didn't even know he was ill. Was he found in his bed, Mary?"

"No, Ma'am." Mary braced herself still further. "He was found hanging to an oak tree in his park."

Mrs. Spenser's stiff back stiffened visibly. Any comment that she could have made seemed hopelessly inadequate; for she remembered only too well how, twenty-six years earlier, the same Mary, in almost the same words, had announced that Mr. Jekyll had been found hanging to a beach tree in his park. And she knew that the killer of Mr. Jekyll had never been discovered.

Round the corner in St. Peter's Street, Jessie, the daily help, was somewhat less reserved in her delivery of the news. She worked for Mr. Timkin, the local builder;

The first murder had taken place a long time ago. He'd got away with it, though it still dogged him. Now there was another murder—same kind, same place

and while Mrs. Timkin was pouring out the tea Jessie loitered by Mr. Timkin's elbow as he unfolded the newspaper.

"There's a bit of news you won't find in that there, sir," she began.

"Oh, what's happened now?" Mr. Timkin said lightly.

"Mr. Croad, sir. Found dead this morning."

Mrs. Timkin put the teapot down.

"Good gracious, Jessie! I'm sorry to hear that."

"Some's not so sorry, so I've heard," Jessie went on darkly.

Mr. Timkin folded up the paper again. "Better be careful what you say, Jessie," he warned her. "Was he found dead in his room?"

"No, not in his room, sir. He was found 'anging to an oak tree in his park."

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Timkin stared at her husband, thinking of all the stir over Mr. Jekyll twenty-six years ago, when they were newly married.

Jessie then really got under way.

"That's 'ow he was found, Madam. And they do say that he wasn't active enough to go and 'ang himself. Not even if he had a reason—which he hadn't. That's what they say, sir. Foul play, they say, sir. Murder. And as you know, it's not the first time it's 'appened in these parts, either."

With that Jessie went back to the kitchen and left them to their breakfast. Mr. Timkin never looked at the newspaper that morning.

The situation was dealt with in rather a different manner in Walnut Tree Lane two streets away. Kathleen Stout lived at No. 24, and she was the wife of Sergeant Stout of the local police. She did not know why the telephone had rung at two in the morning, nor why her husband had immediately put on his uniform and left her alone in the double bed. Thanks to the milkman, however, she did know at least an hour before Sergeant Stout returned very belatedly for his breakfast. And she took particular trouble over his breakfast, giving him an extra rasher of bacon; for the sergeant was inclined to be a bit cagey over official information.

"Well, Albert." She sat down beside him as soon as he had had time to relax. "So it's true, then?"

"What's true?" he asked cautiously.

"That Mr. Croad's been strangled and hanged just like Mr. Jekyll was?"

"Now where on earth did you get all that?"

"From the milkman. Everybody knows it. So it's no good pretending."

"People talk too much," Albert said with his mouth full.

KATHLEEN waited nearly half a minute. She knew she could get anything out of her husband if she went about it the right way; and the right way was to let him enlarge on his own theories, of which he had plenty.

"What kind of a rope was it?" she asked.

"Just an ordinary rope," he said unwarily. "One that marks the boundary on the cricket ground, if you must know. There's a length missing there."

"So it was premeditated?"

"I'm not saying whether it was premeditated or not."

"Do you think it was the same man who done in Mr. Jekyll that way?"

"As far as we know, it may have been suicide."

"Oh, come on, Albert. You know it wasn't suicide last time. I think it's the same man started up on his tricks again."

Albert wiped his mouth appreciatively. It was good bacon.

"Well, I don't," he said flatly. "If that man is still alive he'd be an old man now. This was a young man's job. There are plenty of young men back from the war and most of them have learned a trick or two. Violence! Public violence leads to private violence. People don't think of that when they start making wars, don't realize the cleaning up that the police are left to do. School for crime, that's what the Army is. And the police are left to cope with it. Single handed!"

Kathleen looked at him admiringly.

"But if it isn't the same man," she persisted, "why was it done in exactly the same way?"

Albert ended his breakfast with a long draught of strong tea.

"Not much doubt about that," he ended. "I'm not saying that the killing of Mr. Jekyll was the perfect crime. But the killer was never found out, and that's as near perfect for a crime as the average killer needs."

FINALLY, in Curfew Street, Mr. Grynor lived alone at No. 12. He was a widower, and ever since his wife died he had cooked and cared for himself. He was over fifty but looked much older. He had gone very grey, and people were in the habit of calling him poor Mr. Grynor. Certainly he was an eccentric, never going out except to his work, which was at the jam factory, or to his one hobby, which was bird-watching.

He knew the note of every bird in the region and could imitate them so that you did not know whether it was Mr. Grynor calling or the bird itself. A bit cracked, they all thought him; but he was very gentle and very harmless.

Nobody knew him closely enough to say whether he slept well or badly; but he was certainly an early riser and was generally downstairs in his kitchen when the milkman called. He was there that September morning and opened the door when he heard the milkman stop at No. 11.

The milkman handed him his half pint and said: "Good morning, Mr. Grynor. Nice day." Mr. Grynor agreed that it was a nice day, and the milkman was going to leave it at that. It seemed hardly worth while to pass on the news to anyone as reserved and unresponsive as poor old Grynor.

However, he thought better of it, and he went on:

"Nasty shock we've had for such a fine morning!"

"Nasty shock?" Mr. Grynor repeated vaguely.

"Yes, Mr. Grynor." The milkman warmed to his work. "Mr. Croad has been found hanged in his park, just as Mr. Jekyll was all that time ago."

Mr. Grynor stared incredulously.

"What! Hanged to a tree?" he asked.

"That's right," the milkman said. "Police are still investigating. Thought I'd just let you know. It'll be all over the town soon."

Mr. Grynor thanked him vaguely and shut the door and locked it. He then walked over to the sink with the half-pint bottle of milk in his hand and stood for a moment looking out of the window thoughtfully at the brick wall opposite.

He had reason to be thoughtful; for he was the man who had killed Mr. Jekyll twenty-six years ago.

Crayden was uneasy in the days that followed. It did not like being reminded of skeletons in its cupboard, nor did it like to think that it was built on the same hot and sordid human clay as the rough world outside it. Many things were whispered at back doors and street corners, but the one question that nobody paused to consider was how the killer of Mr. Jekyll had developed in twenty-six years' time.

Had he gone from violence to violence or was he torn with remorse? How would killers develop in that time if they were allowed to go freely about their daily business? Were the gallows and the electric chair really the protectors of the public or were they just a gruesome locking of the stable door after the horse had departed?

There was no certain answer to these questions if they had been asked. It probably depended on two things: first, whether the instinct for violence was ingrained like the craving of an alcoholic, and second, more simply, whether the crime was successful.

In Grynor's case the crime was very unsuccessful. It put an end to Mr. Jekyll's life, but that did not lead to any of the results intended. And Grynor's instinct for violence was not ingrained.

He was the despair of his sergeant in the first World War. At bayonet practice he approached the dummy in a gentle and apologetic manner and it seemed incredible that he could ever make a soldier.

Later, however, when some stimulus awoke him out of his natural timidity, he could be both crafty and ruthless in his violence. But some definite stimulus was always required. It might be a man shot dead by his side or just some disparagement of his own importance, as when his last saved-up cigarette was shot out of his hand.

He was a cobbler's son with no pretensions of being a gentleman; but when he was finally commissioned on active service he began to have other ideas. He wanted to improve himself. And when in his new lieutenant's uniform, on his last leave before the end of the war, he met Mary Jekyll and she seemed to like him, he thought he knew how to make the improvement.

MARY was a lady and she lived with her uncle at the Grange. Even Mr. Jekyll had smiled at him then. Mr. Jekyll had made a lot of money in business in the war; and such men were always polite to young men in uniform as long as the war still lasted.

It was very different when Grynor was demobilized a few years later and was a civilian again. Mary still met him in secret and led him on, but he was not asked to the Grange any more. And Mr. Jekyll stopped him suddenly in the road one morning and gave him a warning.

He had found out about the secret meetings with Mary, and he brandished his stick and treated Grynor as though he were a servant who had stolen something. He told him that the war was over and that things were different. He had better learn to keep his place or it would be the worse for him.

Grynor saw Mary again that very evening. She was going to defy her uncle, she told him. But it would have to be very secret. He could turn her out and make her penniless if he wanted to. From that, murder grew in Grynor's heart. He was Sir Galahad and he had been treated as a scullion. He saw Mr. Jekyll as the one impediment to all his desires and ambitions, and he thought that if that obstacle was removed nothing could stop his getting Mary.

And thanks to his bird-watching he knew Mr. Jekyll's habits. He always took a walk in his grounds alone in the dusk. The same walk at the same time. It reminded Grynor of a certain German sentry who had been too regular in his habits. Grynor had dropped on his back out of a tree and strangled him before he could make a sound. And it was just the same with Mr. Jekyll.

Grynor had been waiting in the tree on a leafy branch above the path two nights before the opportunity came. The first night Mr. Jekyll did not take his walk. The second he was too wide to the left. But the third it was just right. Grynor was suddenly on his back with the scarf round his throat.

It was even quicker than with the sentry. Mr. Jekyll was an older man. And then when he was quite still, Grynor pulled the rope down from the tree where it was hidden and hoisted him up. It was supposed to look like suicide, but the police had grave doubts about that.

GRYNOR could see the whole picture clearly as he stared at the wall opposite the kitchen sink: the old man walking in the path: the young man dropping from the tree. He quivered at the thought of it. It was so vivid that he could hear the grunt that Mr. Jekyll gave as he landed on his back, and feel the flabbiness of his throat in his hands.

Grynor looked at his hands incredulously. He could not believe that they were the same hands that had done that thing. So quickly. So quietly. And to such very little purpose! It must have been another man. Very different from him.

But then he remembered other things as well. Nobody had seen him near the park any of those nights. A man who can creep up beside a nightingale is not likely to be detected by a human being; and he had disguised himself as a gipsy as well. But his meetings with Mary were known about and he was questioned by the police like a good many others. She suspected nothing and they both had the same story. Her guardian did not approve, but they thought he would change his mind in time. There was nothing criminal in that.

The little suspicion that there was veered away from Grynor on to some poacher, some gipsy, some person unknown; and Grynor waited quietly for the ripe fruit to drop into his hands.

But the fruit never dropped.

Mary had gone away to stay with friends after her uncle's death, and very soon she wrote quite calmly and clearly saying that it had all been a mistake. She hoped it would not be a shock to him, but she was engaged. It was useless for him to try to see her again or to write. Her mind was made up, but she wished him good luck and every happiness in the future.

The bottom dropped out of Grynor's emotional life when he had that letter. He kept on writing but there was never any reply. And then very soon the bottom dropped out of his financial life as well. The chicken farm in which he had invested his gratuity turned out to be a dud and his partner a crook, and he had to take a paid menial job to keep himself.

All the spirit had gone out of him. He saw himself now as Mr. Jekyll had seen him: a pretentious little upstart with nothing behind him and nothing in front. There was no stimulus to arouse him and he grew to accept that valuation. Frustration followed frustration.

When he married two years later he

picked on an ailing, querulous woman who died without even giving him a son, and he went from one ill-paid job to another. The idea grew on him that his fate was preordained and that he could not escape it in any way. He must expiate his crime: the crime of being a fool, of killing the man who had told him truthfully how little good he was.

And so as the years passed slowly on, he became more and more reserved and withdrawn into himself, and even a little crazy. The only remaining spark in his life was his knowledge of birds and his love for them. But there was a frustration even in that. He might have won success as a naturalist but he could not put what he knew down on paper.

Strange ideas began to enter Grynor's mind during the next few days; some just passed in and out and some lingered; some were confused and some were very clear indeed. It never occurred to him that any suspicion could fall on him, and none did. But there was just one thought that persisted until it almost became an obsession. He did not want the killer to be found. He wanted him to go on as he had gone, to meet frustration and despair, to be caught and held in the relentless machinery of years, to suffer the slow way as he had done.

This idea overshadowed everything else in his mind, but the observant part of his brain remained quite clear and moved with the same kind of precision as Sergeant Stout's. In one way he was better equipped than Sergeant Stout to put two and two together; for a bird-watcher sees many things that have nothing to do with birds. Unexpected lovers pass him as he lies concealed. Vans are loaded or unloaded in strange places. And men who do not know each other in daylight meet and whisper in the dark.

Grynor could have blackmailed more than one inhabitant of Crayden if he had had any leaning that way.

He still could not put his finger on it, but he knew that some time in the past month he had seen something which could put him on the right track. The picture kept appearing before his eyes, but there was always something important missing. So in the meantime he counted up the young men who were back from this other war.

There was Jim Stack, and Peter Craill, and Johnny Snowe, and William Bent. One had been in North Africa and one in Burma, and one a prisoner with the Japs and one with the Germans. They all seemed quiet young men, but no one knew what was locked up in their hearts. And what of Mr. Croad himself? He had no daughter or ward, so it could not be that. And he was a newcomer, too.

What is one to think of a man who at the end of a war suddenly buys a large property near a small country town? A man who speaks with a common accent and has no friends in the place? Where did he get his money and why did he suddenly want to seem respectable? Did he, too, take a walk in his park in the dusk? Or was it true, as was whispered in the town, that there were tyre marks near the tree and that he had been killed elsewhere in a car and strung up just to make it look the same as the Jekyll case?

Grynor sat at home looking at his fingers from which the power of violence had departed. But there was still some cunning as well as craziness in his head. When he heard that William Bent was being held by the police he knew instinctively that they were on the wrong track. William could not account for his movements that night. Grynor could not account for them either, but he had seen William out with a married woman only a few nights before the crime. And that might be the reason for his silence.

In any case, Grynor suddenly woke up in the night and remembered the clue he was looking for: at least, the first half of it. It had been a brown owl he had been studying that evening a week before the crime, just inside the Croad estate near the lodge gates. It was quite dark. But suddenly a car had come along the road and turned by the gates, and for an instant in the glare of its headlights he had seen two men talking where there had only been shadow a moment before. And one was Mr. Croad and the other man he had not recognized.

Grynor sat up in bed.

That other face with the sharp nose looking so yellow in the headlights of the car! Wasn't it the same face that he had seen at the post office that day? Another young man who had been away at the war and come back. Joe Routledge. But Joe wasn't like Jim Stack and Peter Craill and the others. No North Africa for him. He was Crayden's black sheep and had spent the war alternately in detention barracks or at large as a deserter.

How had he supported himself as a deserter? In the black market probably. How had he come to know Croad? In the same place, no doubt. How had Croad learned of Crayden? Through Joe, possibly.

Grynor remembered their faces in the crude glare of the headlights. They were the faces of men who did not like the light flashed on them like that, faces that preferred concealment. And out of their dealings with each other what had each of them got? Croad a comfortable house with several bathrooms, and Joe Routledge two sentences of detention.

It was a set-up for murder, however that murder took place; and Grynor decided that Joe was the killer.

From that moment the crazier side of Grynor's mind took control. The police mustn't get Joe Routledge. They mustn't! They mustn't! He must work out his damnation the slow, hard way. So Grynor waited and twisted his hands. There was nothing to worry about so long as William Bent was the suspect. Grynor had grown so warped that he would have let William hang for something he hadn't done. That didn't matter.

All that mattered was that Joe Routledge should escape the law and pay in the other harder coin.

But then it was whispered that William Bent had been cleared and that Joe Routledge had been had in for questioning. Grynor knew then that the time had come for action. There was no time to lose. Joe might confess, might escape life. But he mustn't! He mustn't!

And then suddenly Grynor thought he saw the way quite clearly. All that he had to do was to go and confess to both crimes. In that way he would end his own misery and start Joe Routledge off on his. It was all too simple.

At first he intended to go straight to the police. But then he found that there was something more that he wanted than that. He wanted to speak to Joe, to see the hunted look that there would be in his eyes, and then to show himself as his benefactor. He was too far gone to realize that Joe Routledge was too scared to believe in benefactors.

Joe was in when he knocked on the door of his lodgings that evening. He had the hunted look which he knew would be there, and he only opened the door an inch.

"Yes? What do you want?"

"You know me," Grynor began soothingly. "Mr. Grynor. Live in Curfew Street. I didn't know you were back until I saw you in the post office."

"Well, what of it?" Joe had not opened the door any wider.

"I thought I could help you. After all, I knew you before the war. I know you're all right."

Joe unwillingly let him into the room, and Grynor sat down by the window, fingering his hat.

"I'm not in need of help," Joe said.

"Of course you're not," Grynor answered quietly. "It's just that there's nothing to worry about. I know who killed Mr. Croad."

Joe stared at him darkly. "You do?"

"Yes. And I know who killed Mr. Jekyll, too."

"Well then, why haven't you been to the police?"

"I'm just going—to confess."

Joe guessed that he had a madman on his hands. A very dangerous madman. He tried to humour him.

"So you're going to the police?"

"Yes, straight away."

"And what are you going to confess?"

"That I killed both Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Croad."

"And you think they're going to believe you?"

"Yes. Why not? I did it. I'll tell you how I killed Mr. Jekyll if you like. It was rather clever."

"All right. Go on."

Grynor told him and Joe listened. He still thought he had a madman on his hands.

"Well, that's very interesting," he said at the end. "And I suppose you killed Mr. Croad just the same way?"

"That's right. It comes easy once you've done it."

"You must be stronger than you look, Mr. Grynor."

"Oh, I am. Much stronger."

"And why did you kill Mr. Croad? Did you want to marry his niece, too?"

Now Grynor realized that Joe had not believed a word he was saying, and he noticed a new hard look in his eye. He suddenly became frightened.

"Well, I won't keep you any longer." He got up quickly. "There'll be nothing to worry about after I've been to the police."

"Sit down!" Joe said. He was not thinking of Grynor as a madman any longer, but as someone who knew too much.

Joe went on:

"You used to do a bit of bird-watching in the old days, didn't you?"

"Yes. But I really am going to confess."

"Been bird-watching recently?"

"Not much. Hardly at all."

"Takes you out into odd places at odd times, doesn't it? And you see things?"

Grynor did not reply. He watched helplessly as Joe picked up the poker and came towards him. He wasn't frightened for himself now: only distressed that he should fail so miserably a second time.

"No, no, no!" he cried. "If you do that they'll get you. It was better my way. I did mean to confess."

Those were the last words that Grynor spoke. It was Joe Routledge who went to the police that evening and confessed to the murders both of Croad and Grynor. He was tired; and there was no longer any chance of escape with Grynor's body in his room.

The next morning the news came round with the milk as it had before; and Crayden breathed again. But while people were quite ready to believe that it was Joe Routledge who had killed both the other two, very few thought that Grynor had had anything to do with the death of Mr. Jekyll. He was just a poor, harmless old man with bats in the belfry.

"Are you *sure* you haven't seen your husband?"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Answers, Please

SINCE quizzing is a popular pastime, let's have one of our own. What have you done in the past twenty-four hours that:

(a) Has given you the satisfaction of knowing you have done your best, irrespective of tangible reward?

(b) Has left someone else happy in the belief that the world is not as hard and unfriendly as he thought?

(c) Has not been the *right* thing to do, but merely the *easiest* thing to do?

(d) Has been the *right* thing to do, though it has cost you something in the doing?

I think you could add a lot more questions for yourself. And if you can answer them honestly today or any other day, you will know what it means to get on proper terms with yourself.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

She's the Lady of the Manor

by DENNIS HOLMAN

As a housing manager, she has many problems. They range from rent collection to calming down tenants who squabble

IF YOU LIVE in Stoke Newington, London, you have probably heard of Ruth Schofield; if you live in a council flat you have certainly made her acquaintance; if you are hoping to live there, it's possible you are on her visiting list.

Miss Schofield is the Housing Manager of the Stoke Newington Borough Council Estate. Her dominion extends over 2,100 dwellings, and her office in the town hall—typifying the charm and efficiency she puts into her job—is painted in bright colours.

In the provinces, borough tenants are usually allotted cottage or prefab accommodation on a housing estate, or they might just be moved into hutments and squatters' camps. In London it is likely to be a flat, the sort depending on the home-seeker's needs—and luck.

It might be five rooms in a modern block with the superlative in mod cons, or one room in old requisitioned property: the rents ranging from about 5s. a week for a single room or 8s. 10d. a week for a bed-sitter plus kitchen and bathroom, to £2 10s. for five rooms. The average in a modern block is 25s. a week for four rooms.

Foot in the Door's Out

Whether these rents are made payable to the District Estate Officer or the Borough Treasurer, or are collected every week by an assistant housing manager from door to door, depends on the practice of the local authority. Ruth Schofield favours the personal method. She has apportioned her 2,100 tenants among three district superintendents who are assisted by rent collectors.

"You've got to be careful about who you have for rent collectors," she says. The technique of getting a foot in the doorway is out. The modern method is to knock, chat—and listen. If a tenant cannot pay, the collector is to find out why, and come to some arrangement for spreading the arrears over a reasonable period of weeks.

Miss Schofield insists that her district superintendents first keep their books clean — it stops tenants from getting bogged down inextricably in arrears.

The other day one of Miss Schofield's rent collectors discovered a tenant who had never heard about the Health Scheme and was still paying out ten shillings a week for medicines. But tenants need more than mere advice. One collector had called four weeks running at an old woman's flat without getting a reply. He learned that she was in hospital, but he also learned when she would return.

On that day he went to her room very early, let himself in, swept the floor, dusted, cleaned the windows, made the bed and lit the fire. When the old woman arrived home the rent collector was waiting to welcome her with a cup of tea.

A rent collector sometimes has trickier problems to face. A new baby may arrive in a flat, overcrowding it, and he may need to find a tenant (with, perhaps, more room now that a daughter has been married) who will agree to a transfer.

. . . So's Coal in the Bath

Housing managers laugh at the old coal-in-the-bath argument. Nevertheless, Miss Schofield thinks that to take a family with a bad rent history and no standards of living and put it into a new flat is just asking for trouble. "I've seen years' damage done in a few months. Still, they must have somewhere to live and accommodation has to be found—but in older flats and houses."

The day-to-day problems of a housing manager are those of people living close to each other, objecting to one another's children, animals, morals, but the greatest agony of life in a large modern block of flats is noise — the noise of children letting off healthy steam. Where some blocks are wedged U-like round a central court the screaming of a hundred kids all at once is concentrated and amplified. And there are the stairways and passages for wild games of cowboys and Indians, and the lift, as a source of entertainment, has never palled.

Ruth Schofield inspects new site. Being diplomatic is her strong point

Pianos, violins, trumpets, or children on scooters and roller skates can be the cause of feuds, differences, snubbings, even fisticuffs. But Miss Schofield insists that tenants complain to the district superintendent, not direct to the parents of offending children. There is nothing a housing manager has to learn from the Foreign Office in diplomacy.

A ground-floor tenant once complained that whenever the parents above went out the three children jumped and leaped about till the ceiling rocked. A porter was called in to verify the racket, and the people upstairs received a strong letter. The noise has stopped. "Had the people downstairs complained direct to the parents," Miss Schofield says, "the noise would probably have become worse."

Her flat-dwellers are becoming friendly. The housewives meet in the common laundry and drying rooms in the basement, the fathers get together in the community halls, and the children are encouraged to canalize their energies into registered youth clubs. One of Miss Schofield's blocks has a boxing ring for the boys, while the not-so-youngs and not-too-olds have organized a musical appreciation club and a junior drama group.

The evolution of the local authority as a landlord dates from the Housing Acts of 1925, 1930 and 1936. These gave councils wide powers for dealing with slum clearance and the abatement of over-crowding by erecting dwellings on a large scale.

Without people quite realizing it, the public has, in the last twenty years, become the nation's largest independent landlord, collecting, at a conservative estimate, more than £45,000,000 in annual rents.

As local authority housing estates grew, their management became more and more of a problem. Because the subject came largely under the heading of Slum Clearance, lettings were often done by the medical officer or the sanitary inspector; rents were collected by the borough treasurer; the borough engineer carried out the repairs. But nobody really *managed* the estates.

Sooner or later this arrangement had to get out of control; when Ruth Schofield took over as Housing Manager of Stoke Newington she had to set up a new and independent department. The first indication tenants got that they were to come under a new régime was when they went to the town hall to lodge their applications and complaints. Instead of a counter over which they had to answer private domestic questions with a queue behind, listening, they now waited in a pleasant room before being ushered into a cubicle marked "Private."

From Law to Housing

Ruth Schofield became a Fellow of the Institute of Housing after being called to the Bar and taking her Master of Laws Degree at Sheffield University. There are two main professional bodies providing training for housing manager—the Institute of Housing and the Society of Housing Managers. Students must have had from two to three years' training in a housing department to get in and the course is a stiff one.

Some prospective housing managers, like Miss Tydeman, slim, pretty and about twenty-two, receive their training with housing associations.

A pupil assistant with the Improved Tenement Association in North Kensington, London, her rent collecting has made her an expert on the ways and habits of old people. "Some of our tenants have lived in North Kensington since the time it was a village," she explains.

Once a fortnight Miss Tydeman helps keep her tenant pensioners amused at the Association's Evergreen Club. Last Christmas she assisted in running the Christmas Party, and the summer before that she shepherded a squad of old ladies to Brighton and back for the club's annual outing.

Shortly, Miss Tydeman's period of studentship will end, and she intends, as Miss Schofield did, to apply for an assistant housing managership with a local authority and to work her way up.

As a junior Miss Tydeman's scale of pay with a local authority will probably range from £390 to £450 a year. Housing managers of the small rural estates expect from about £450, while the salaries carried by the mammoth housing schemes of boroughs like Kensington, or Swansea with its 6,000 tenants, go up to about £1,300 a year.

Plenty of Jobs Going

There is a growing demand for housing managers. Private landlords want them. So do government departments like the Ministry of Supply, who run their own married quarters. And they are needed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Commissioners of Crown Lands, as well as associations and estates all over the country.

"There's a career with a future here for women," Miss Schofield adds, "but the trouble is we can't get enough women with the right outlook to take it up!"

FIVE MINUTES MAY MAKE OR BREAK by

The few lines that the would-be actress speaks to an empty auditorium are all-important, although the judges' tick of approval will not guarantee stardom

Gill Croxford says her piece at diction class. R.A.D.A. fees cost £125, but many students get State grants

THE STAGE IS COLD in the small underground theatre in Gower Street, London, but the young girl standing there, with trembling hands, is sweating.

She feels very empty inside as she begins to speak. It is a speech from *Romeo and Juliet*. Her friends in the sixth form say that she is wonderful as Juliet. Now she is not so sure. But she finishes the speech, clammy-handed, and looks out over the empty stalls, to a box where three people sit. A light is switched on.

"Thank you, Miss Smith," says a friendly voice, from a vague figure huddled in a greatcoat. Miss Smith knows that she must wait now for five days, till the postman brings her a letter she addressed to herself an hour before in the waiting-room. The voice, she thought, was kind. But why didn't she remember to move her hands?

As she moves through the door, she hears the next candidate announced.

Miss Jones sees the figures in the box for a moment before the light is switched off. After two lines from Milton, she breaks off and stares wildly around at the prompt-corner. An encouraging remark from the box, asking her to begin again, has no effect.

Miss Jones feels her feet growing into the stage: her tongue is dry. The judges sigh. A cross for Miss Jones follows a tick for Miss Smith.

It is the qualifying test for admission to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. All through that morning and the next day the young men and women file across the stage, while the light in the box goes on and off, and the judges turn over the pages of the lists.

Here are the would-be Oliviers, the Siddonses in seed, the pets of the debating society and the idols of the family party. In that brief five minutes, the people in the box must decide: are they worth training?

How many get through? Nearly three times as many young people as before the war have applied for entrance to the London dramatic academies. In one year, of 812 applicants to R.A.D.A. alone, 190 were chosen, while at the smaller and newly-founded Old Vic Theatre School, some 400 candidates applied for forty places. There are more crosses than ticks on those lists.

First Term Casualties

Not all the successful candidates, moreover, can stay the pace. In the first term of the two-year course many are weeded out.

In fact, out of, say, 150 admitted to R.A.D.A., only ninety may survive the full training. Of that ninety, perhaps sixty are included in the heady climax of a R.A.D.A. career—the Public Show. At this annual matinée in a West End theatre, the fledglings go through their paces before an audience of celebrated actors, critics, agents, producers and admiring relatives. Some pick up prizes and contracts right away.

But every year about 300 trained actors and actresses leave the London schools, after two years' intensive study of themselves and the English theatre. Then their education begins—or so the cynics say. For they join the ranks of a vast reserve of casual theatrical labour.

Many sink without trace into more secure professions—after heartbreaking months in the waiting-rooms of elusive agents, or back-breaking work as, say, juvenile lead, prop man and assistant stage manager in a "tatty" repertory at £3 a week. (£4 is the minimum for regular repertory companies agreed by Equity.)

Others go into the provinces looking for regional theatre work—and never see the West End again. Some, after the toughening discipline of repertory, creep into London limelight through a "little" theatre, and a few are signed up by Mr. Rank on a ten-year contract.

Are the academies to blame? At last year's Theatre Conference, one of the most controversial subjects was "regulated entry"—should entry to the profession be controlled by some form of training or apprenticeship? That's a big subject, of course, but it does seem that a stricter supervision of the minor dramatic schools is desirable.

At some institutions, the star-struck hopes of Miss Jones are kept alive unscrupulously while she pays her fees. When Miss Jones leaves, she is a prey for the theatrical employer of sweated labour—the proprietors of some of those "irregular" repertories which Equity is trying to control, and which employ perhaps 2,000 of the profession's 10,000-odd actors and actresses.

At reputable academies such as R.A.D.A.—the doyen of the dramatic schools—there's inevitably a big margin of error. An actor's talent blooms unpredictably, early or late; it can't be measured in a written paper, or an oral quiz; it needs training, but it can't be forced. The judges must make a snap decision—for there is a limited number of places, and the queue is very long.

Dunce May Steal the Show

The star pupil at the Public Show, who was lucky enough to be correctly cast, may prove to have little more than a good face and a superficial technique, which slips through his hands in the rough and tumble of repertory, or hardens into mere mannerisms. The dullard of the first year, who barely scrapes through her third term test, and who is the subject of long conferences between Sir Kenneth Barnes and his staff, may reveal great talent in the Public Show.

Sir Kenneth Barnes, the brother of Dame Irene Vanbrugh, has been principal of R.A.D.A. for forty years. His gently paternal direction gives the R.A.D.A. training its human aspect. When the staff recommends a pupil for elimination there is always determined opposition from Barnes. As he knows, the awkward squad may harbour a retarded Garrick.

But it rarely does. Critics of R.A.D.A. and the other schools tell stories of geese which were really swans—or point to actors such as Sir Ralph Richardson, who never went to a dramatic school.

When Charles Laughton applied for admission to the Central School, the late Elsie Fogerty said that the young man would never make an actor. Laughton went along to Gower Street, was admitted, and topped a distinguished R.A.D.A. career by winning the Bancroft Gold Medal, the prize award of the Public Show. On the other hand, Elsie Fogerty trained such stars as Laurence Olivier and Peggy Ashcroft, while Vivien Leigh passed through R.A.D.A. without leaving a ripple in Gower Street.

Argued With Queen Mary

Then there was the case of Jacqueline Maude, who won the "Bancroft" six years ago. James Agate, one of the judges on that occasion, was her champion against all claimants. That was the year Queen Mary came to the Public Show, and Agate argued the toss with her, too—the programme is now framed in the Academy entrance hall.

Maybe Agate was right, but Miss Maude has failed to prove it. Where is she now?

Many of the best living actors and actresses never set foot inside an academy except to distribute medals. But, though there is a notable contrast between R.A.D.A.'s list of Bancroft gold medallists and of distinguished ex-pupils—few names are common to both—there *are* many distinguished ex-pupils. John Gielgud, Flora Robson, Roland Young, Ursula Jeans, Anthony Quayle and Robert Morley are some of them.

Many well-known younger stars of the screen also trained at the academy—Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Margaret Lockwood.

In any event, the best way for the average stage aspirant today *is* to learn

ICHARD FINDLATER

the ropes at an accredited London school—if he can get in. Actors are born, not made, but they're not born ready-made for the stage, or even for the screen.

In the old days an actor learned at first hand by travelling with a stock company or sweltering in the hothouse of an actor-manager's court. The actor-manager is gone, for the time being at least; the regional theatre school, pioneered by the Bristol Old Vic, is still in its infancy; and the novice who joins a repertory as a stage-hand with the idea of starting on the bottom rung will find that nobody has any time to teach him how to act.

Apart from the expense of spirit, sweat and tears, it costs about £125 in fees alone to become an actor the R.A.D.A. way.

Before the war, dramatic academies were too often regarded as finishing schools for young ladies. There was rationing by price, as it were, and the odds were against the less well-off child.

Now, under Government grants in aid, covering tuition and maintenance, a high percentage of dramatic students are receiving instruction free—at R.A.D.A. more than half the students receive grants. Nowadays there are dustmen's daughters as well as stockbrokers' sons training for the stage.

Had to Work as Waitress

Obviously, the people with well-to-do parents have the advantage — both at the academy and after. They say it takes ten years to make an actress, and it may be ten months before the first part comes along.

One talented R.A.D.A. pupil made ends meet by working as a waitress in a café, another by shorthand-typing, another by part-time nursing. If you've an allowance from your parents, you can afford to wait longer, and in comfort. But in theory, talent will out.

What are they all learning, for this £125? To walk, to speak, to understand the heights of the English theatre and the depths of the English language, to hold the stage, to fence, to mime . . . but most of all, to make the most of themselves. (Not all, of course, are learning to act. At the Old Vic, in particular, there are courses in stage designing and production, attended not only by optimistic tyros, but by experienced actors taking a new lease of life. Richard Ainley, for example, crippled in the war, has just completed a producer's course there—at thirty-eight.)

The academies don't guarantee jobs for their pupils. Once you're out, you're on your own, in a highly competitive world.

There is in London a sizable floating population of young women and men—women in particular—who write scores of letters every week, who besiege the agents' offices, who queue up for the privilege of being an extra, and who somehow hang on by the skin of their teeth till their big chance arrives.

Isn't this casual theatre labour swelled by too many dupes? That may be, but the demand for *good* actors is growing. Regional theatres are on the increase; there is a new demand for better acting as well as good looks in film studios; and the B.B.C. and television need more and more actors—though it has an unhealthy tendency to take only the already established names.

There can never be too many actors at school. "Picking it up as you go along" is too chancy—even in the ever-chancy profession of acting.

A ferocious corporal stepped up to Kisomampene. He brandished the tongs as if to torture him

Turn of the road

by PIERRE RYCKMANS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Real police wore a fez and a uniform. Kisomampene only had the fez, but that was legal enough for him

AS THE BUGLE BLEW "Into uniform and in the ranks!" for the six o'clock muster, the prisoners' roll call began. The crowd of crouched convicts lengthened into a semicircle around the European before the prison gate. As each name was called out, a man shouted "Here!" and started up with a clanging of chains.

Kisomampene had done only three months, but he was as knowing as anyone, and he coughed to clear his throat as soon as he heard the name of "Nsebera," which preceded his on the list. He emphasized his "*Zo!*"—that is, "present" in their jargon—by a slap on the thigh and a military salute.

"Your time's up," said the European.

"*Already?*" said Kisomampene to himself. Not that the time had passed so quickly, but the white man's months are longer than nature's, as everyone knows, and the moon had not waxed and waned three times since he was sentenced. He had forgotten that the time he had spent waiting for his trial was included in his sentence.

The roll call ended, all the prisoners stood up and Kisomampene joined his companions in chains. He knew the ritual well. When the corporal of the guard—a ferocious looking Topoke, black as night and tattooed to the lips—advanced towards him, menacingly brandishing a pair of tongs as if to torture him, Kisomampene docilely extended his neck. The corporal forced several vigorous twists into the iron cord which served, for lack of a lock, to close the heavy iron collar, and suddenly it sprang open.

Gently, as if he feared hurting it, Kisomampene separated the branches of the collar and disentangled his neck. Then, to show his zeal and his *savoir-faire*, he himself placed the "national necktie" on the neck of his successor—a convict arrested the night before who had been waiting to replace Kisomampene in the block of five prisoners. His release now in sight, he followed the white man to the office for the discharging ceremony.

His name was crossed from the register with red ink. He got rid of his uniform, a part blue and part white jacket and part blue and part white shorts. They gave him instead his old loin cloth and the red tarboosh that had been his grandeur and his downfall. Incredibly enough—those whites are a queer lot anyway—they returned to him intact the cowhide purse which contained the few francs that were his fortune.

"Take care," said the prison guard, "that I never see you again, for if I do, woe be unto you!"

In spite of this invitation, Kisomampene politely wished him goodbye, gave one last sharp military salute, and with a brisk half-turn made his exit from the building. He was free!

JUST three months before, when the police had come to get him, Kisomampene was guarding a bridge—a handsome wooden one that had been freshly constructed over some dangerous rapids. Until it had been built, Kisomampene had been the ferryman — a lucrative enough trade which did not cost him much. Two papyrus bales tied together served as floats. He put his passengers on the twigs between the bales, bellies in the water, and then shoved the skiff through the stream while swimming behind it.

And then this white man had taken it into his head to build a bridge! And the last straw was his requisitioning the papyrus raft to help in its construction, and without even paying for it! Kisomampene had laughed at first at the whole crazy undertaking: the Ruvyirunza River wouldn't let them do it. She would make the intruder see reason. She would wash them all away.

But the Ruvyirunza didn't wash anything away. The bridge had shot forth, grown and finally spanned the river. It held, it looked sturdy, it inspired confidence. Even cows hazarded the voyage without misgivings. Kisomampene had been labouring under a delusion. Everyone would go over the bridge. He was thoroughly and unmistakably ruined.

The last evening, Bifudege—the white man, called "Beefsteak" by the natives—held a dance for the people of the surrounding countryside. He drank—why not celebrate the end of his labour?—a bottle of imported beer. The day following this rare orgy, he folded his tent and left for the post.

But that night Kisomampene thought a good deal. He owned a red fez, and a red fez is already the embryo of a uniform. Everybody saw him bustling about at the dance, running the white man's errands, carrying the white man's burdens. He could be seen testing the bridge, cursing the porters, brusquely chasing away the naked brats who were loitering about, examining the boxes. He it was who set the column of carriers on its way and who saw to it that he would be the last to salute the European as he departed. And no sooner had the caravan disappeared than he installed himself at the entry to the bridge, insolently, officially, his hand extended.

With supreme astuteness, he, Kisomampene, had reduced the fare. Instead of crossing with belly in the water, everyone could now make the trip with dry feet, and at half-price. Everyone was enchanted.

Especially Kisomampene. Fortune was smiling down upon him. A high stockade enclosed the hut that he had had built for himself by the riverside chieftains. It was known that he owned several goats. He would offer a glass of beer to the distinguished passers-by. He was even deliberating whether or not he ought to complete his outfit as bridge keeper with a real khaki uniform.

And then one fine morning the lightning struck. Who had complained? That was another score for him to settle. The

police arrested him. He was cruelly manhandled. The police of the state intensely dislike any competition from common natives.

But that was all over now.

Kisomampene was free. He cocked his red fez over one ear the way he had seen old conscripts do, and set out on his way.

Towards evening he arrived at the home of Bigeni, the chief.

Bigeni was an old idiot, scared as a rabbit. He was implicitly obedient, paid his taxes, supplied porters—the total picture was that of a fine, upstanding man, not too much of a cattle thief, not too fanciful in his use of words.

When he got to the banana plantation which lay beneath the kraal, Kisomampene stopped. He readjusted his fez, called over a boy and told him, with an authoritative air, to go and tell the chief that he, Kisomampene, had come. Bigeni hastened to greet his visitor. In the darkness he recognized the stranger's military cap, and was terrified. "Who are you?"

"I have come from the post," answered Kisomampene without further implicating himself in a more specific response.

"From the post? Well, what news?"

"Work," said Kisomampene.

It was always the same nightmare. Would they never leave him alone? Porters for the white men's jobs, materials of all kinds—logs, bamboo, reeds, sheets of papyrus, strips of bark.

"Again?" trembled Bigeni. "And what is it this time?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow. Where shall I sleep?"

Bigeni showed him to a hut that he was to share with the cattle and their keepers. It was rather shabby for a messenger from the post, but Kisomampene was in a conciliatory mood.

"Do you have some beer?"

"I'll see. They will bring you some beans."

"And a new mat?"

"And a new mat."

THANKS to a pleasant drunkenness, Kisomampene slept far better that night than did his host Bigeni.

In the morning he sought out the chief to discuss business.

"It's a road," said Kisomampene.

"A road? Leading where?"

"I'll show you. The whites say we will need a hundred men."

"A hundred men? But I have no one left! All my men are gone! Ten are at the post and ten are out as porters."

"I can do nothing about it. The white man said a hundred. Call them."

"When?"

"Now. Right away."

"But where do you think I can find a hundred men right away?"

"How do I know? I am only a poor underling. I was sent."

And to show that all discussion was closed, Kisomampene went and lay down in the sun to await developments.

The first labourers began to arrive towards noon. They were, for the most part, either very old or very young. Kisomampene sent the children away. The whites had said men, a hundred men. He noticed that their hoes were very worn. The smaller a hoe is, the more used it gets when it scrapes the ground, and who would use a good hoe to work for the whites? Towards three o'clock he decided that the day was too far advanced to start the job, and he set the company at liberty, warning them to return early the next morning.

That evening Bigeni gave him a hut for himself and sent him a goat. He felt guilty and was trying to make up for the lost day. The following morning the hundred men were there, the chief at their head. The road they were to build led from the banks of Kaniga River up a small tributary. A bridge would doubtless be thrown across the stream later on; for the time being, they could see only the brush on the opposite bank, and there were no shallows near by to cross over. Kisomampene allotted the labours—a few men to cut stakes, some others to cut papyrus, some to weave straws, the rest to clear the underbrush. He himself surveyed the terrain before staking out.

When he returned from his walk two hours later, Bigeni was no longer there. Urgent business. But the day had become stiflingly hot, and the chief had sent down a pot of beer, which was supposed to induce Kisomampene to forget his absence. The deputy chieftain, Bankunda, replaced Bigeni in supervising the work.

Bankunda was pleasantly surprised, for instead of giving him a beating, Kisomampene invited him to share his drink.

"If it's business that keeps him, all right," said Kisomampene. "But tell him to come tomorrow. This is his work. If the whites knew he was gone, he would have to forfeit a cow . . . or perhaps even two. As for me——"

"I'll tell him," Bankunda said.

Kisomampene pursued the point no further and went back to work. He drove in stakes over a distance of about a hundred metres, joined them breadthwise with papyrus cord, a spike at each side of the cord.

"When you have finished," he told the workers, "you may go home."

He was universally praised. The job was reasonable, and having the end in sight really encouraged everyone. By four o'clock no one was left but Kisomampene, who measured the finished length of road carefully and was satisfied with his accomplishment. He picked out an ant-hill a little above where he stood as a landmark for the road building of the next day, and returned to the village.

At Bigeni's they were drinking beer and discussing the latest events.

"The whites are making war," someone said testily. "A hundred men?"

"We can't complain," answered Bigeni. "We could have much worse than Kisomampene."

"He has stolen nothing," added Bankunda. "He has struck nobody. As policemen go, he is a good one."

"He is not a policeman," objected another. "He has no bayonet. I think he is an overseer."

"Well, for a man who works for the whites, he is not a thief. But a hundred workers is a lot."

It got worse the next day. Six porters returning from a caravan went to tell the chief that twenty men were needed at the post; they were needed to re-cover the roofs of the military camp—a big job that had to be completed before the rains began to fall.

Bigeni called upon Kisomampene to bear witness to his distress.

"A hundred men here, twenty at the post. My people are saying that I have sold them out. You can see for yourself that it is too much."

Kisomampene reflected at length without saying a word. Then he took the chief aside and whispered surreptitiously: "Listen. The white man said that he needed a hundred men for the road. Not one less, even if there are other roads to be built. I wouldn't dare ask him to free your men from working at the post. But look here. Fifteen men returned this morning. While we wait for them to rest up, you'll take—yes, you'll take the twenty men from my crew. But not a word of it! If the white men find out, it will go hard with me! I will be lashed!"

"You have saved my life! You have given me a cow!" The grateful Bigeni clasped and unclasped his hands.

When Kisomampene went back to his little hut that evening, he found a bull calf waiting for him, a gift from the grateful Bigeni.

In a week's time the road had scaled the plateau. It left the valley in a long arc and climbed in a gradual incline towards the banana plantation. The natives would have given anything to know where the road would lead next, but Kisomampene remained silent. The outlook was dark. For two days now the road had scurried along toward the banana plantation. Unless it made a sudden turn, it would inevitably end up right in the middle of the plantation.

One day Kisomampene counted his brood before setting out for work. Since the job had begun, the complement of men had dwindled gradually, so that at the end of the count he found he had only sixty men.

Kisomampene began to harangue these workers to imbue them with a sense of duty, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a cortege. He recognized old Chiza marching at the head—an emaciated head dwarfed by a mass of white beard, body clothed in tattered bark rags which hung loose and limp from his thin, stooped bones. Behind him were the heads of the families of the village, and finally, last of all, the women.

CHIZA went and squatted before Kisomampene, put his spear on the ground beside him, laid his ragged cloak between his knotty knees and waited until the last members of his train were gathered about him before taking up his discourse.

"Thus it is," Chiza began, balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other. "May the king prosper, we live in this village."

"True enough," chorused his followers.

"Your road is going to pass right through our plantation."

"It isn't me; it's the white man," countered Kisomampene.

"But the white man doesn't know that thieves follow roads. If you come through our land you will destroy our fields, and whatever you leave over the robbers will eat."

"You well know that the white man won't allow any turns in the road. They told me, 'If you turn without giving a reason why, the lash for you!'"

A huge mound of butter and a jug of honey, which one of the women had then placed at Chiza's side, caught his eye, and his heart softened.

"It's a nasty business, but . . . I will see."

And so the road turned and passed downward from the spurge hedges that bounded the plantation, and Kisomampene began to prosper with all the gifts that were showered upon him.

The men took a holiday to celebrate the birth of twins. Many were sick. The road took more turns. Bigeni got into the habit of absenting himself in favour of jugs of beer, and Kisomampene reestablished the good name of the police. He demanded nothing, caused violence to no one. He risked his job with the utmost generosity every day. The whole population was deeply grateful to him. He got married and paid the usual marriage settlement. The road crept lazily from plantation to plantation. Order reigned in the district. Time passed.

A FEW weeks later, Father Dupay, a priest, visited an outlying police post. He was welcomed.

"Good day, Father. It's a pleasure to see you again! Cigarette? Have a chair."

Father Dupay settled in a chair, took the proffered cigarette and lit it.

"It's about the chapel at Karabona."

"Still having trouble? Can't you get it started yet?"

"Oh, yes! Everything is in order. You can make your investigation now. I have the plan here."

"You've come all the way on your motor bike?"

"How else? The roads are transforming the countryside."

"We do all we can."

"By the way, what is this I hear about the road you are building near Bigeni's?"

"Where's that? Bigeni's? I'm not building any road out near Bigeni's! Where does it go—out near Bigeni's?"

"That's just it! It seems to go nowhere! It ends at the Kaniga River in the middle of the brush, and comes from I don't know where."

"Neither do I. This is the first I've heard . . . Corporal!"

The corporal appeared and saluted.

"Who is building a road at Bigeni's?"

"No one from our company."

"Go and ask."

"No complaints," said the father. "It isn't that. I was simply told about it."

"And let me thank you for telling me. I really can't imagine what this is all about. At Bigeni's? A road leading from the Kaniga River?"

"That's what my informant told me."

When he returned, the police corporal found the two Europeans leaning over a map.

"They say it's a messenger from the post—our headquarters. One Kisomampene."

"Go and get him for me!"

Kisomampene returned to his prison abode.

All the witnesses at the hearing favoured the defendant.

"He stole nothing," said Bigeni. "And I gave him a hundred men. The ones who were absent were really sick!"

"He is a fine man," said Chiza.

"He is my son-in-law," said Kirusu. "He even paid the dowry."

"They lied to you about him," said Bankunda. "He has enemies."

Calumny, however, triumphed over innocence. The verdict: six months in prison.

Kisomampene, resigned to his fate, gave a military salute as he was led from the hearing.

I'll get hold of that fellow when he gets out, the white man vowed to himself. *There's a man who knows his way around in native politics. I'll have him build us real roads.*

"Who can understand the white man?" Bigeni shook his head sadly. "That was the very first policeman who ever lived among us without doing us the least harm! So why put him in prison?"

"Was it perhaps," philosophized Chiza, "because his road turned?"

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RONALD LAMPITT'S paintings are as fascinating as a treasure-hunt. The more you look, the more you find. After seeing his street scene picture (*John Bull*, November 13) one reader used it for a memory game. "The detail comes from looking at life from on top," says Lampitt, who this week perches Jim Crow-like above a village. "It's no particular place," he says, "but bits from many villages put together."

60-MILE-AN-HOUR PARLOUR CHAMPION

by LAWRENCE EARL

The man who gatecrashed his way into world table tennis at the age of nineteen has spartan advice for ambitious youngsters: run a mile a day, skip—and give up parties

Johnny Leach in action: he won one match despite a broken thumb

WHEN HIT BY AN EXPERT, a table tennis ball travels at the rate of eighty-eight feet in a single second, or sixty miles an hour. It is liable to come from an infinite variety of angles. This means that a receiving player must react with the speed of light if he hopes to send it back.

He must also have eyes like a hawk's, footwork to make a lightweight boxer's mouth water and an arm that has in it both dynamite and microscopic exactness.

Johnny Leach, a shy-seeming young man from Morden, Surrey, conforms to the above specifications. He is the first home-bred world's table tennis champion England has turned out in twenty years.

Yet Jack Carrington, a player of international calibre himself, whose meeting with Johnny early in 1942 may be considered a minor turning point in the history of the game, says: "There was nothing about the way he played then to suggest he was going to be great."

Leach, who is a stubborn and often surprising young man, upset this early analysis—and others as well. For example, table tennis experts, judging by the men who year after year won the title as the best singles players on earth, said that the optimum height for this game (which takes place on a table five feet by nine and in an arena twenty feet by forty) was 5 ft. 8 in.

Leach, carrying his twelve stone on a six-foot frame, moving with the easy grace of a leopard, has confounded the theorists. "And," he says with becoming modesty, "I owe it all to Jack Carrington."

It was in 1942, at the age of seventeen, that he signed with the R.A.F. and was posted to Northern Ireland. He didn't know it at the time, but this was the break that would one day bring him world renown.

He went to an exhibition of table tennis at a neighbouring station. The star turn of the show was Carrington, then an army officer.

Had to Hit Matchbox

The two—Leach and Carrington—met and, although Jack could offer Johnny twelve points in a game of twenty-one and still beat him, they arranged to play more games together.

Carrington kept him at it, dropping hints now and then which helped the youngster to improve his game. For instance, he kept Leach driving balls at tiny matchboxes strategically placed on the tabletop.

He designed a minute racquet for Johnny—two and a half inches in diameter — so that by using it he would learn always to hit the ball with the centre of the standard-sized bat. He made him use nothing but his backhand for hours on end. In fact, he insisted that every department of the youngster's game be so developed that no single flaw would be left for an opponent to pounce upon.

To accomplish this they sometimes played all day and, when duty didn't interfere, all night—with time out only for food. Johnny was often morosely certain he had reached the peak of his game at mere mediocrity.

"That's why I like to tell kids today never to be depressed," he says. "Anyone on the way up will find that he seems to improve for a while and then stop, or even go back a little. That is because he is always working the game out in his mind. He thinks: 'How do I really make that stroke? What do I put into it?' Then, when the thinking becomes a part of his nature, he suddenly leaps ahead again. There is no gradual upgrade on the road to top-flight table tennis. It is a series of sudden and often unexpected jumps."

Now and then, under this unflagging programme, Johnny began to show sudden signs of brilliance. Early one morning, after an all-night session, he said—partly serious, partly wistful: "Some day, Jack, I'm going to partner you to the doubles championship of the world!"

"Right!" said Carrington, pretending more confidence than he felt. Solemnly they shook hands on the bargain.

It was not long after this that both players entered the Belfast Open Tournament — Johnny more for competitive practice than with any hope of doing well. In their sessions together he had never managed to beat Jack. Surprising even himself, he got into the finals. His opponent was Carrington. "In that match," Leach recalls, "something seemed to click. I licked him in three straight."

Convinced of Greatness

By this time Carrington was convinced that his pupil had real greatness in his game. When, in 1944, the two came home to England on leave, their visit coincided with an international invitation tournament. Sixteen of the world's best players were to compete. Carrington was one of the chosen few. Leach was out in the cold.

At the last moment, Jack dropped out of the tournament, and suggested Leach as a substitute. The selectors were amazed to see this tall young unknown, whom they had ignored when the invitations went out, making the toughest shots look easy.

He waded through Sebastak and Berger, two top-notch Czechs, and took Boros — a Hungarian of international fame — in his stride. He met world's champion Richard Bergmann in the final, and only after a titanic tussle was he finally downed.

After that he won almost every tournament it was possible for him to take in England — and in 1945, when the two friends were demobbed, Carrington arranged an E.N.S.A. tour of Italy, Austria, Greece and Jugoslavia.

In Italy, on the way back, Leach received a cable from the English Table Tennis Association telling him he had been selected to play for England in matches against France, Ireland and Wales as the country's Number One player. Carrington's unselfish withdrawal had paid a great dividend.

It was in the tourney against France that Johnny learned an important lesson about competitive play. In his first match he easily took the honours from Haguenauer—the French Number One. "I thought: This is going to be easy," Johnny relates. "I lost my remaining two matches. I've never been overconfident since."

The Big Meet

By now, of course, Johnny Leach was a name known all over the table tennis world. He and Carrington had come close to keeping their pact of winning the world's doubles title—but not close enough to count. And early in 1948 the big meet was to be staged at home in London.

Shortly before the big date, Johnny and Jack entered the Welsh Open. In the singles the tall young ace, who

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Traitor's Island

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

As Webb's mission approached its end, the whole tower of lies masking the betrayal came crashing down. The one question now was: What would Julie do?

THE FIRST TIME WEBB CARR set foot in the de Cresti Palace on the Italian island of San Ricci was during the war, and his mission was to contact partisans. Then, only the lovely Julie, young widow of a murdered partisan, lived there, and she helped him in his work until they were betrayed to the Germans.

Now, as London chief of an American legal firm, he returns to check the authenticity of a priceless Titian painting, the property of the de Cresti family, which has been offered for sale in New York.

He finds the family in residence, and Julie's cousin, Carlo, a rising young politician, the only surviving male member of the family, tells him that the painting must have been stolen, as no de Cresti, he says, would sell a family heirloom.

In fact, Carlo has himself sold the painting without asking his grandmother Francesca's consent. Worried by the Englishman's investigations, he tries to break Webb's friendship with Julie, for whom he has contracted a marriage with a wealthy young nobleman.

Then Webb receives a telegram revealing the name of the owner of the Titian—Acuto, a disreputable agent. He goes to Milan to see him. But Acuto is nervous and will not talk.

After Webb leaves, Acuto has another visitor—Carlo de Cresti, who demands from him the contract authorizing the sale of the Titian. He refuses, and after a struggle, in which Acuto falls, striking his head against an iron stove, Carlo takes the contract and leaves the old man lying dead.

Meanwhile, in the village, Webb learns that Augusto, one of his wartime helpers, was accused of betraying him to the enemy and was killed by the villagers. However, a relative of the dead man, Luigi, an old waiter, tells Webb that Augusto was merely a scapegoat.

Village rumour has it that the real betrayer is Julie. After a chat with Dr. Lunati, a friend of the de Cresti family. Webb's suspicions that this is the case are heightened. He goes to see Julie, who, shocked that he can believe such gossip, refuses to have anything more to do with him.

Webb learns that Augusto's son, Apollo, a young spiv who worked for Acuto, has been arrested for the murder of Acuto. Urged by Luigi, the old waiter, he sees the boy and is convinced of his innocence.

While investigating the murder in Milan he learns from a child of Carlo's visit to Acuto and realizes that Carlo, afraid of exposure, must have killed Acuto to stop him talking.

Acting quickly, Webb goes to Switzerland to see Suter, the agent negotiating the sale of the Titian for Acuto.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Evidence Enough

WEBB found a room in one of the many hotels on the promenade curving along the lake, and went straight to bed.

The next morning, Paolo Suter was not in when he called at ten o'clock, but he was expected back from Ascona later in the day. As the hours passed, a feeling of impatience arose in Webb. By the time the Swiss agent received him in the early evening, Webb was barely able to control his excitement.

"Look here," he said, as Suter rose slowly from his chair; "you can't keep silent any longer. It's absolutely imperative that I know the story behind the Titian."

Suter was an elderly man about whom everything was almost annoyingly correct. He found it hard to recognize in this excited young man the calm, composed English lawyer who had visited him not quite a week ago on his way to Italy.

"I did everything I could to help you," he answered coldly. "Didn't you see Acuto?"

"Acuto is no longer important." Webb checked himself and added more quietly: "He is dead. Murdered."

Suter, shocked, drew back a little. "Dead? Murdered?" he repeated. "What happened?"

"That's what I want to find out. The police believe that one of the men who worked for him killed him in a quarrel. But I'm sure they're wrong. I've reason to believe that Acuto was killed in connection with the Titian."

"Just a moment," Suter said. "Tell me, did you see Acuto at all? Did you have a chance to——"

"Of course I saw him. I saw him on Thursday afternoon, a few hours before he was killed."

"And what did he tell you?"

The guarded question calmed Webb momentarily. He looked straight at Suter.

"He assured me that he was the owner of the painting."

He caught Suter's slight frown and knew that the Swiss agent was wondering if he was bluffing. He forced himself to speak quietly, matter-of-factly.

"Acuto promised to let me see the bill of sale on Monday." He watched Suter open a box of long, thin cigars. Webb shook his head. "You understand I could not take his word. I need proof."

There was a quality of determination in his voice which did not escape Suter's ears. And Suter had no reason to doubt him. After all, their interests were the same, they both wanted to close the deal.

"Well, as long as Acuto told you, I can confirm the fact that he was the rightful owner."

"You still don't understand. Acuto's rôle has become unimportant." Absentmindedly, Webb began to walk up and down. The room was not very large and it was quite crowded with furniture. There seemed hardly enough space for the Englishman's long strides. "Who was the man who sold him the Titian, Suter?"

"My dear Mr. Carr, as a lawyer, you know how important——"

"Don't keep fobbing me off. I'm not doubting your word. I never have. Look, I started to tell you that I have reason to believe that whoever killed Acuto killed him to silence him, so that he couldn't reveal something connected with the Titian. But what?"

"The police," said Suter quickly and reasonably, "will find that out."

"I doubt it." For a moment, Webb wondered if he should risk telling the Swiss of his suspicions. He decided not to.

"The man you dealt with, whose name you promised to keep secret, is dead. There is no reason now not to tell me all you know about the background of the whole affair."

Behind the blue fragrant smoke of his cigar, Suter frowned. "I would not feel free to talk about Acuto's will until it is read. He may have left instructions. He has a daughter, an heir, whom I have to consider. I repeat, he was the rightful owner. He had acquired the Titian legally."

Webb felt impatience flood him again. He could not afford to waste time. He shrugged. "As you wish, Mr. Suter. But in that case I will cable New York and advise against closing the deal. I'm not satisfied at all, I tell you."

Suter stiffened, offended. He was not used to having his word doubted. "You've got what you wanted—the name of the last rightful owner."

"It is no longer enough. Acuto's murder makes me think that even though he might have bought the Titian legally, it could still have been stolen."

AFTER a few moments, Suter said slowly: "I received the painting at my office in Zurich. It was not my business to ask how it got there. I didn't ask. All I had to make sure of in order to sell it was that it had not been stolen. The results of my inquiries satisfied me."

"And what did you find out?"

Suter thought for a few moments. Acuto, after all, was dead. He hesitated, then bent slightly and pushed at a drawer in his desk, looked up to see Webb watching him, and inserted a key into the lock.

"I like business to be correct. Therefore I asked Acuto to let me see his original contract. And since no one knows what may happen, I had it photographed. Here is a copy."

A large Manila envelope; the photograph of the painting; a shiny piece of paper. Suter's voice, still reluctant, "Let me repeat that nothing would ever have made me reveal Acuto's private dealings if he had not himself been prepared to trust you—if he hadn't been murdered and the whole matter become a criminal case. He bought the Titian from a Conte de Cresti."

Tension gripped Webb. He felt his stomach muscles tightening.

"Thank you," he said, taking the shiny, stiff paper from Suter's pudgy hand. At the bottom of the page opposite the small, careful letters which spelled Manfredo Acuto's name, Carlo de Cresti's signature appeared in the same careless handwriting in which the whole agreement between the two men had been written.

He thought fleetingly and with relief that now any good lawyer would take Apollo's case. It would be easy to defend Augusto's son, with this proof that Acuto's death was to the sole advantage of de Cresti. And the testimony of the little girl about seeing Carlo leaving Acuto's office the night of the murder would no longer be dismissed as the imaginings of a child.

His eye fell on the line which gave the date on which the contract had been signed.

"'Milan, December 22, 1944,'" he read aloud, and Suter, looking over his shoulder, nodded. "That's right. That's what it says. Well, I'm glad everything is settled now."

The raid on San Ricci had taken place three days before that date, on the night of the nineteenth.

"If you care to keep that copy, you're welcome to it," Suter said, relighting his cigar. "I have another in my files."

Webb stared at the paper. Somehow his eyes began to focus more sharply, focused on the capital *A* of Acuto's name in the first line, wandered across the page, jumped from word to word. He knew this handwriting. He had seen it before. Where? When had he had trouble deciphering an *A* which looked so much like an *S*?

Suter was speaking, was saying something which he didn't understand. He wanted to tell him to stop, to be quiet, to leave him alone. And then he knew. That afternoon before the raid, the afternoon of the nineteenth. He had planned to go to the Matterone with Augusto, but he had not gone. Augusto had gone alone. His absence had been the proof to the villagers that he had expected the raid.

Serafina had explained it all, lengthily, reiterating the events of those last hours before disaster struck.

A message from Pietro had come through that two men from Omegna were coming to see him and that Webb was to wait for them. It had been a rainy, windy day. The men had never arrived. Only the message. Three lines, telling him to be sure to stay on the island to receive two important members of the organization. He had received the Germans instead.

Nobody had ever known who the key man was—the man who had designated Augusto to receive and hide him. A man called "Pietro," trusted by the

Carlo stopped laughing. "You're speaking like a madman," he said as Julie placed herself between them. Then Webb drew the paper from his pocket

Allies and Italians alike. Serafina said Pietro had been captured and killed by the Germans.

But Pietro's and Carlo de Cresti's handwritings were alike, were the same. Had Carlo played the part of the unknown hero until, caught and threatened with death, he had written that note to make sure that the Germans would not miss Webb? Had Carlo bought his own freedom by revealing what he knew about the underground group he had led for so long?

The letters in front of Webb's eyes began to waver until they formed three lines, telling him to be sure to be on the island, and he noticed that his hands were trembling.

It was raining softly, incessantly when Webb got back to Orta. There was no wind and the chestnut trees, which had lost most of their blossoms, rose motionless, no branch stirring, their heavy leaves too saturated to be a shelter against the rain.

He rowed round the south side of the island. He stopped at the rickety pier, fastened the boat to the pole and left it there to rock.

As soon as he stepped into the garden he saw a light blink through the narrow slit of closed shutters up on the second floor.

He went up the steep, narrow staircase he had walked so often, past Julie's room at the head of the stairs and along the corridor until he came to the door which opened on to the main part of the house. There he remembered that the library lay a little to the left. He stood still for a moment, staring at the light breaking across the threshold, then he tapped gently against the door.

Graziella's sweet, gentle voice invited him to come in, and when he entered he found the two old ladies sitting side by side in front of the fireplace. They looked at him in surprise.

"I thought you were gone for good," Lucretia said. "What made you come back, and at this hour of the night?"

"Where is Julie?"

"Giulietta," Lucretia said, "went with the others to a dinner at the home of her fiancé, Orlando Monte d'Oro."

"Come and have some tea," said Graziella, defying her sister. "It's a bad night and you look wet and cold."

Webb sat down on the narrow low bench in front of the fire. He took the frail bowl Graziella handed him.

And then from below came the sound of voices. They had returned. Lucretia moved away rapidly and Graziella got up quickly from her chair. They were gone before Webb realized it. But Graziella had left the door wide open, and in the huge mirror opposite Webb could watch them come along the corridor.

Francesca de Cresti in a long black lace dress, a little velvet ribbon tight around her proud, wrinkled neck, a small diadem glittering in her white, upswept hair. He heard her voice saying good night as Carlo opened a door for her farther down the hall. Renata was all in white, her back curls dancing on her bare shoulders. She was the first to enter. Instinctively, her hand reached out to close the door behind her, as if to keep Julie from seeing him. But it was too late.

Webb had never before seen Julie dressed up, and he was struck by her beauty. The light blue silk stretched tightly around her slender body, and without knowing that he was running towards her he rushed across the floor.

When he came up to her he saw that she was exhausted. Her face was very white, the shadows under her eyes were very deep, and he looked at her with a feeling of tenderness.

Julie stepped back. "Why, Webb," she said coldly. "How strange that you should have come back."

"Is it?" he asked. "Did you think I would give up so easily?"

"Give up what? Me or your suspicion of me?"

Renata swept past him as if he did not exist for her. She went over to a corner cabinet, opened it and began to arrange glasses on a tray, but the fragrance of her heavy perfume lingered for a second at the spot she had crossed and kept reminding Webb of her presence.

What he had to say to Julie could be said only in private, and so he kept looking at her, trying to hold her eyes, but she avoided his glance. Then he realized that she had used the word "suspicion" in Renata's presence, showing that she had talked about his accusation of her to the family.

As he looked up at her questioningly he saw Carlo standing in the frame of the door, watching him in surprise.

Carlo was certain that Webb's accusation had wounded Julie's pride too deeply to make reconciliation possible. How did he dare come back?

"I don't think my cousin cares to receive you," he said sharply.

"This has nothing to do with Julie. I've come to see you."

"It is late," Renata interrupted. "We —— I'm quite tired. Will you excuse us, Mr. Carr?"

Her politeness was sheer mockery, but with her woman's instinct she guessed immediately that Webb's visit might be connected with the murder of Acuto. She put an arm around Julie's shoulder and led her to the door. Webb saw Julie look at him. He gave her a quick smile before the door closed.

Renata's guarded glance had put Carlo on the alert. His mind worked rapidly. He was not sure if Webb had ever met Acuto, but he was still sure that Acuto would have behaved very differently that night had he already revealed anything of importance to the lawyer.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, walking over to the tray in the corner and pouring two drinks. As always when he knew himself watched, his graceful gestures were a little bit more carefully casual than usual.

In spite of the disgust which had filled Webb from the moment he had seen Carlo de Cresti's signature in Suter's office, he could not help admiring the ease and self-assurance of a man who only three days ago had committed murder. Carlo will never admit the betrayal, he thought. I will have to trap him into it. I will have to use the Titian.

He accepted the brandy, but set it down on a small table. Carlo settled himself on the low bench where, a little while ago, Webb had warmed himself. He lit a cigarette.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he repeated.

"You remember perhaps that I told you I had an appointment with Acuto on Monday. You were planning to go with me, then. Well, I went to Milan yesterday." Webb spoke quietly—so quietly that Carlo bent forward a little to hear better. "I went to find out who murdered him."

Carlo put his arms around his knees and began to rock gently, his cigarette

dangling from the corner of his mouth. "But why? Didn't you hear? The police arrested the murderer. A young smuggler who apparently killed the man because of financial differences."

"Yes, I know," said Webb, quite aware that de Cresti would have heard about his offer to help Apollo. "I talked to him. Here in Orta. Apollo Bongrani. He is innocent."

Carlo looked up, pretending astonishment and amusement at Webb's attitude.

"You don't trust anybody, do you? Not even our police. I assure you they are quite efficient. Of course, it is highly regrettable that Acuto should have been killed just as we were on the verge of tracing the theft of the Titian."

"I'm sure we will, anyway."

Never, thought Carlo. Never, now. He turned a little and stared sideways into the fire. The contract had been burned into feathery ash. Nobody had seen him come or leave on the night of the murder. No one except Renata had even known about his connection with Acuto. There was nothing to fear.

Webb was quiet for a moment, watching Carlo's profile in the firelight. He felt in himself, rather frighteningly, a sense of satisfaction, something of the thrill of the hunter closing in on his prey. The next minute he was swept by a realization of what trapping Carlo would mean to Julie.

"Didn't you tell me," he asked slowly, "that you had never heard the name of Acuto before I mentioned it?"

"Do you really think a man in my position would have any contact with black marketeers and smugglers? You're a little wild, Carr."

"They may be helpful in many ways. For instance, if one needs money to influence votes."

FOR the first time, Carlo felt a stab of uneasiness. What gossip had Carr been hearing. Any rumour of this kind had to be suppressed immediately. He stiffened. "Exactly what do you mean?"

Webb answered with another question, "Do you still insist that you never met Acuto?"

A trace of anger came into Carlo's voice. "I'm not used to having my word doubted."

"Then how do you explain your hand on an agreement, signed by you and Acuto, about the sale of the Titian?"

He is bluffing, thought Carlo. The contract has been destroyed. Is he stupid enough to thing he could trap me?

"Really," he said, shaking his head, "you're talking nonsense. If such a contract exists, it is forged. It seems very likely that Acuto would have thought of doing something like that to sell stolen goods. Why bother me?" He pulled at his trousers angrily, impatiently.

"Do I understand, Conte de Cresti, that you're prepared to contest your signature?"

As if calling him by his title made Webb's attempt to cross-examine him, here in his own house, doubly incongruous, Carlo answered with great dignity: "I repeat I have no knowledge of any such contract. And if you've seen one, it's a forgery."

"What were you doing in Milan the day Acuto was murdered?"

Suddenly Carlo felt the heavy wines he had drunk at the Monte d'Oros' go to his head. Fury rose in him. He tried to suppress it, then realized that he had the right to be angry, and said hotly: "This is ridiculous. I happened to be in Milan on Wednesday and Thursday of this week along with six hundred thousand other Italians."

"And why did you see Acuto?"

"Are you accusing me of having murdered him? I warn you, Carr, you're going too far."

"You sold the Titian to Acuto. You sold it to him in Milan on December 22, 1944."

Carlo heard the date he had never forgotten. He forced himself not to look at Carr, not to lose time now in speculation about how Carr had found out, and answered quickly, shrugging his shoulders, shrugging away all possibility of disaster. "Is that what your agreement says? December 22, 1944, in Milan? Well, that alone should be sufficient proof for you that it is forged. On the twenty-second of December, 1944, I was nowhere near Milan. I was in a German prison camp near Bolzano."

CARLO turned to put another log into the fire. He reached for the bellows and began to move them gently. The flames sprang up, singeing the piece of wood. And he knew that Webb had no real interest in the Titian, in Acuto's murder or Apollo's innocence.

"I thought you knew. I had never believed in Fascism," he said, "and when the Allies landed, I joined the forces fighting against the Germans. Of course, I had to change my name to avoid retaliation on my family. I let them believe I had been killed in a bombing raid on Rome. I was taken prisoner early in December, and I finally managed to escape three weeks before the armistice."

Webb listened without interrupting. Julie had told him the same story about Carlo's fate during the war. He had not doubted it until the moment when Carlo's signature on the contract proved that he had been free on December 22, in 1944. What remained true in Carlo's version was the one fact that he had been caught by the enemy, that he had been seen in some prison camp. Everything else was a lie.

"You're lying," he said quietly.

Carlo swung round. "I must ask you to leave," he said. "I've listened with great patience to your nonsense. I've answered your questions. You cannot call a de Cresti a liar. Have you gone insane, Carr? First you accuse my sister-in-law of betraying you, then me of having stolen the painting and of killing Acuto, and now——"

There was a gentle opening and closing of the door leading to the corridor. Julie came into the room. All this time she had waited for Webb's steps to pass her door at the head of the staircase, and finally, when she heard Carlo's loud voice, she had rushed along the corridor, afraid of her cousin's wild temper.

She caught the last words. "Webb, Webb!" she cried. "Stop it! Carlo is right! You don't know what you're saying!"

Webb had not wanted her to hear, yet she would have to know. And in his accusation of Carlo lay his whole excuse for what he had done to her.

"I was betrayed with a group of partisans," said Webb, "not by Augusto Bongrani, as you wanted the world to believe. By you!"

Carlo's eyes narrowed. He stepped back a few feet.

"How dare you say a thing like that? How dare you accuse me? How dare you, without the slightest proof——" Attack, then, seemed to be the only weapon left, and he added contemptuously: "Or is it because you cannot face the fact that your carelessness and bad judgment were the reasons for your failure? You chose Augusto. You should not have trusted him."

"You make a mistake," said Webb. "I chose every single man except Augusto. He was chosen for me. He was the contact established before I was ever dropped in this vicinity. The man who chose him was the man who knew where and when the Germans could find me. This man was known as Pietro. None of us knew him. He never died, as he let the world believe. He was caught by the Germans and betrayed us. You were Pietro."

Carlo began to laugh then. As Webb listened to his laughter rise and ebb away, Julie placed herself between him and Carlo, in an instinctive gesture, as if by standing between the two men she could shield one from the other.

Carlo stopped laughing. "I can only take your words as those of a madman. I told you I couldn't have betrayed you nor could I have been in Milan in December."

"He was a prisoner then," said Julie, "a prisoner of the Germans, Webb."

Webb reached into the pocket of his coat. He took out the folded copy Suter had given him, shook it open and held it out.

"You might be able to contest a signature, but not a whole page in your handwriting. The experts will judge it, not I. This is the contract you signed with Acuto, for whose murder Augusto's son has been arrested. There are copies in Switzerland. Acuto never sold the painting directly. He commissioned an agent. Look at the date, December 22, 1944. How could you have been in a German prison camp when you were in Milan at that time? Released by the Germans after you betrayed us?"

For a moment Carlo could see nothing but the sheet of paper Webb was holding out to him and, like a horse which, having taken all hurdles, inexplicably shies before the last one, he trembled and stood still. He had, he knew, built up too many lies. Now the whole structure came crashing down. Any attempt to deny it would be senseless.

The German commandant who had released him in December, 1944, might still be alive; there in Carr's hand was the proof that he had been in Milan on December 22, 1944. Any handwriting expert would testify against him. He slumped into a chair, covering his face.

JULIE drew back, one step after the other. "Carlo," she cried, "Answer! It cannot be true! It must not be true!"

Webb rose. He walked to the window and threw back the shutters. Outside, it was still raining and the heavy clouds hung low.

"Yes, I was Pietro," said Carlo. "I once was Pietro. I let everyone believe I was dead in order to do a job I thought I could do well. I made my way to Bergamo to organize the partisans behind the enemy lines. I didn't think of betrayal when I ordered Augusto to take you to the house of my ancestors. But I was caught in December and sentenced to death. An hour before I was to be shot I was brought into the commandant's office."

Webb did not turn; he stood looking out into the night. Carlo, he knew, was not talking to him, but to Julie.

"I was offered a bargain. Life against information. I had advised Augusto to hide the expected Allied agents in this house. It was my life against theirs."

Julie did not answer.

Carlo's voice came again, oddly monotonous, trying to explain what could never be forgiven.

"I did not care about life as such. Death comes to everyone, but if a man is called to die—a man who has not yet had time to beget his sons—anything else seems light in comparison. I took no money. I did not betray because I liked the Germans. I betrayed for no cowardly or opportunistic reason. I betrayed because your husband was dead, Giulia, so I was the last of the de Crestis, and with me the name would have been wiped from history."

When Julie still was silent, Carlo looked up at her and saw that she could not speak. Renata would understand, he thought. But Renata was not a de Cresti. At this moment she did not matter.

He made another desperate attempt, his voice no longer broken, but full and warm.

"Do you think, Giulia, that it was an easy decision? Don't you think I, too, would have preferred to be proud? But I had no right to personal feelings. I was not important. My duty was to stay alive, at least until my son was born. I made my sacrifice then and there. Yes, I thought of those other men, but they were not essential; they could never be important. I knew that the Germans would eventually be defeated anyway. So I made my decision. I had not asked to be born a de Cresti,

"The champion weighed in at—ouch!—fifteen stone ten"

but I was . . . the last link in a chain which must not be destroyed. I had an obligation towards the name."

It was then that Julie answered: "And now it will be remembered for different reasons. The name of a man who knew no honour or pride or loyalty when he faced death."

Her voice was terribly clear, but Webb could hear the tears she could not shed. Silence fell, and the sound of the rain dripping from the windowpanes was very loud.

Presently Webb turned and put his hand on Julie's shoulder. At first she moved slowly; then, as if she could bear it no longer, she began to run. Webb opened the door for her and, not looking back at Carlo slumped in his chair, followed her to the room at the head of the stairs. There he pulled her into his arms and held her tightly, without speaking, until he felt the tenseness in her give, and heard the dry little sob breaking against his chest.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wish I could have—— Oh, darling."

Gradually his tenderness reassured her, and she could cry there in his arms, in the otherwise silent, dark room. After a while they heard steps echo along the corridor and come to a stop in front of the library. Webb found the light switch, and without a word Julie turned, threw open the doors to the huge carved wardrobe and began to pack quickly.

Outside it was still raining, softly, gently; a thin rain, not strong enough to kill the flame of his match. They hurried along through the dark green beneath the dripping, sighing trees and on to the narrow path which led around the island to the pier.

Webb knelt down on the slippery, wet wood on the pier, pulling at the rope to guide the boat to the steps. "We can drive up to Milan tonight if you're not too tired. Or stop on the way, if you'd rather. I have a car waiting for us in Orta."

"Let's drive as far as possible," Julie said, "as long, as far——" And then she stopped, listening to her own voice echoing back to her, and shivered suddenly. He looked up at her, waiting for her to finish, but when she spoke again her voice was hardly audible. "I shouldn't run away, should I? I should stay here, try to help them."

She turned and looked away from him across the *piazzetta* towards the dark shadows of the house beyond the church.

Webb broke in softly: "There are moments in life when you must have courage—courage to decide for yourself."

For a little longer Julie stood quietly, almost as if she had not heard. Then she swung sharply round. "You're right, Webb," she said. "This is one of those moments."

She came towards him then, and he was there to catch her in his arms and gently lift her into the boat.

As he turned it around in the direction of Orta and dipped the oars into the black water, they found themselves facing the island once more. But in the dark of the night the tiny rock of San Ricci seemed a mere reflection of some darker cloud on the water. Thus he had seen it five years ago for the first time. Thus he would remember it. Whatever it had once held for him he was taking away with him.

"I love you," he said.

She came to sit beside him, reaching for one of the oars, and together they pulled away rapidly towards the mainland.

THE END

Miss Martha Albrand's new novel "After Midnight" (of which "Traitor's Island" is the serial version) will be published shortly in Britain by Chatto & Windus, price 8s. 6d.

At least I'd get a hearing

by HERBERT HODGE

There would be no danger of my platform being overturned

I CAN'T GET GARRY DAVIS out of my mind. Garry Davis, you may remember, is the young American ex-Serviceman who camped out on the steps of the U.N.O. building in Paris last autumn, claiming that he was a citizen of the world and demanding that U.N.O. should get on with the job of forming a world government.

I must say I felt sorry for him—sorry and sympathetic. He was speaking for millions of us. He was asking for something many of us have wanted all our lives. Yet what chance did he, or we, stand of getting it?

Without a world government, it's obvious there will be another war. Most national governments have accepted the possibility of war and are now preparing for it.

Possibly they are wise to prepare for it—conditions being what they are. If I were a member of our present British Government I think I should feel compelled to do what I could to guard this country against attack. But as an ordinary citizen—as a man who, all his adult life, has thought of himself as a citizen of the world—this state of affairs strikes me as being quite mad.

Killing is Daft

Not that I'm entirely a pacifist. In a mad world, I see no sense in allowing a madman to kill me if I can kill him first. But I still think it's daft. So, I feel sure, do the majority of people, all over the world.

The question is, can we ordinary citizens do anything to stop it? Can we form a world government in spite of the lukewarm attitude of nearly all our national governments?

Some people think we can. In over twenty countries there are groups of citizens striving to persuade their fellows that it can be done, if only enough of us make our voices heard on the subject. The best-known group in this country, I suppose, is the one that calls itself "The Crusade For World Government."

And as I can't get Garry Davis out of my head, I called in at their London headquarters in Baker Street the other day to see how they were getting on.

As I expected, the people I met there were mostly young people—with the idealistic kind of faces I've learned to associate with movements of this kind.

Thirty years ago, I was much the same sort of person. Thirty years ago I should have thrown myself into their movement with joyous enthusiasm. I first realized the need for world government when I was eleven. But I've seen two world wars and two aftermaths since then. So I can no longer feel the optimistic enthusiasm of the youth I once was.

The most I've ever been able to do about my beliefs is to talk and write about them. And that doesn't seem to have made much difference to events in my lifetime. Yet, when I come to think of it, I suppose I must have converted one or two people. And they, in their turn, must have converted others.

The idea certainly seems to have spread a bit since I was a young man. I believe I could get up on almost any street corner at the moment and preach world government without any danger of having my platform overturned, or garbage thrown at me, or of being summoned for causing a breach of the peace. That's certainly some small advance in one man's lifetime. People are at least getting used to the idea.

The plan of these modern crusaders is to ignore national governments for the moment. They propose to elect a *people's* world committee. Next year, they hope to offer a panel of candidates to the people of Britain; and to distribute a ballot paper to every citizen whose name is on the electoral register.

And *if* they get enough votes to form a truly representative people's assembly from fifty per cent of the ordinary citizens of the world, then they will at least have formed a world organization powerful enough to command the serious attention of the official national governments.

Bickering Diplomats

Does that sound like one of those all-too-idealistic castles in the air? I thought so, at first. But the more I think about it, the more I feel it's the only way we ordinary citizens can hope to make our ideas effective—the only way we can make quite clear to the bickering diplomats that what we want above all else is world peace, world government and world law.

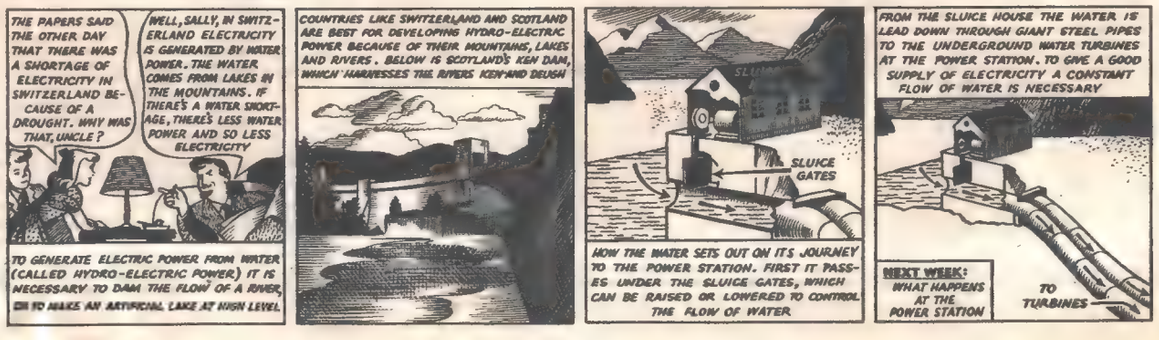
In the past, ideas have usually proved more powerful than armaments—given sufficient time. Today, time is against us. Our armaments have quite outrun our ideas. But the immediate prospect of world suicide is certainly speeding up our ideas.

Ordinary citizens all over the world are beginning to realize it's now or never—that they can't leave it entirely to their national governments; and that, if the job's to be done properly, they must go to work on it themselves.

Therefore, I intend to do what one man can to help towards world government.

UNCLE ANDY

Electricity from Water


THE PAPERS SAID THE OTHER DAY THAT THERE WAS A SHORTAGE OF ELECTRICITY IN SWITZERLAND BECAUSE OF A DROUGHT. WHY WAS THAT, UNCLE?
WELL, SALLY, IN SWITZERLAND ELECTRICITY IS GENERATED BY WATER POWER. THE WATER COMES FROM LAKES IN THE MOUNTAINS. IF THERE'S A WATER SHORTAGE, THERE'S LESS WATER POWER AND SO LESS ELECTRICITY
TO GENERATE ELECTRIC POWER FROM WATER (CALLED HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER) IT IS NECESSARY TO DAM THE FLOW OF A RIVER, OR TO MAKE AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE AT HIGH LEVEL
COUNTRIES LIKE SWITZERLAND AND SCOTLAND ARE BEST FOR DEVELOPING HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER BECAUSE OF THEIR MOUNTAINS, LAKES AND RIVERS. BELOW IS SCOTLAND'S KEN DAM, WHICH HARNESSES THE RIVERS KEN AND DEUSH
SLUICE GATES
HOW THE WATER SETS OUT ON ITS JOURNEY TO THE POWER STATION. FIRST IT PASSES UNDER THE SLUICE GATES, WHICH CAN BE RAISED OR LOWERED TO CONTROL THE FLOW OF WATER
FROM THE SLUICE HOUSE THE WATER IS LEAD DOWN THROUGH GIANT STEEL PIPES TO THE UNDERGROUND WATER TURBINES AT THE POWER STATION. TO GIVE A GOOD SUPPLY OF ELECTRICITY A CONSTANT FLOW OF WATER IS NECESSARY
NEXT WEEK: WHAT HAPPENS AT THE POWER STATION
TO TURBINES

. . . but love won't kill germs

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"Well, Sir, I don't think you'll have any more trouble"

REDS IN THE TRADE UNIONS

Continued from page 8

Mineworkers was similar. I suppose that, until recently at any rate, the average person would have said that the N.U.M. was the "reddest" of the unions. Yet it was never more than red in patches, and there was never anything remotely approaching a majority of Communists in its membership or leadership.

Arthur Horner, of the National Union of Mineworkers, like Hannington in the A.E.U., made his name as an unemployed leader, in South Wales, at a time when vast numbers of miners had been thrown on the scrap heap. So, when the miners left the labour exchange queues for the pits again, Horner still remained their leader. And so it was he became the president of the South Wales Miners' Federation, where he shone as a speech-maker, fighter and negotiator.

By the time that the job of general secretary of the National Union fell vacant, most of the "redness" had gone from the South Wales miners, but Horner got in because of the glamour surrounding his past exploits and because he was believed to have done his job in the South Wales Miners' Federation well.

The "Red" Rhondda which made him no longer exists today, for nationalisation has won the miners for the Labour Government. Communists, whose activities might undermine the Government's position, are frowned on even by those who still have a hankering after Communist policies.

Red by Reputation Only

Indeed, one of the most completely stagnant districts of Britain from the Communist headquarters' point of view is South Wales, which still keeps its reputation for being red. Plump, doctrinaire Idris Cox, who for years has led the Party's work in South Wales, now lives on past glories and is regarded as one of the least successful of its organizers.

Horner's return as general secretary of the mighty miners' union, spokesman of a key, strategic industry, was the Party's biggest trade union victory. He was at once given a greater freedom than any Communist has been given before or since.

In order to hold that position the Party was prepared to concede a lot. Horner became the spokesman of moderate policies, the leader of great production campaigns. There were rank and file Party members who grumbled. They said Horner was being allowed to become "soft" and demanded the same discipline for him as for themselves.

Horner himself began to show signs of carrying "independence" too far. I remember Idris Cox complaining to me in his Cardiff office: "We never see Arthur nowadays. He might just as well not be in the Party so far as South Wales is concerned."

Brought to Heel

And in London we were experiencing the same difficulties. The *Daily Worker's* industrial correspondent found it easier to get hold of non-Communist leaders than the Communist general secretary himself, and there were loud complaints when Horner, after evading the *Daily Worker* man on several occasions, gave interviews to hated "capitalist" rivals instead.

But the Party leaders decided that "the little man" would have to be brought to heel and told him he had taken the flexibility he had been permitted rather too literally. Harry Pollitt himself assumed responsibility for keeping closer contact with Horner. Gradually Horner's freedom of action was restricted again.

For Horner this meant constantly falling foul of the non-Communists in the miners' leadership and becoming increasingly isolated, particularly when the Cominform's changed line came through more than a year ago. But he accepted the position and has, in recent months, pursued the Party line and taken the consequences.

The position in the Electrical Trades' Union, which actually has a majority of Communists on its National Executive and all leading positions in the Party's hands, is exceptional—and, from the Communist point of view, undesirable in many ways.

Communists do not normally work through majorities, either in the trade unions or any other organizations. A well-directed and united minority, they have found, can achieve everything that a majority can get, and has to take none of the blame for mistakes or responsibility for anything.

Recent experience in the E.T.U., in which Communist domination has become widely known and condemned, will make the Party more careful on this point in future.

In a number of the smaller unions, such as the Fire Brigades' Union, the Party has the sort of minority it prefers, which ensures Left policies without committing the Party to the full responsibility of administration.

Now one further point should be made quite clear. To pretend that the Communists have got all their positions in the trade unions by packed meetings and cooked votes is to underestimate their strength, their efficiency, their organization and their devotion to their cause.

To assume this is to ignore the net which reaches out from the Industrial Department at headquarters.

Plan Own Agenda

The average non-Communist trade unionist who votes a Party member into leadership would say that he does so because the Communist is a good trade unionist.

What he doesn't know is that months before a trade union conference is held Communists holding positions of responsibility meet at the Industrial Department's office to discuss what resolutions should go down on the agenda and which branches of the union should be responsible for tabling them.

The members in the selected branches are informed. They set to work to get them adopted and forwarded to union head office.

Immediately before the conference takes place there is a meeting of all the Communist delegates, held either at the Industrial Department's office or in the town where the conference is meeting. The known Communists are there. So are others who are apparently loyal members of the Labour Party and will speak in debate as such.

Every item is discussed with a member of the Industrial Department staff. The Party line on each item is decided. The *Daily Worker* reporter who is to cover the conference is present at most of these gatherings. He frequently joins in the discussions, helping to mould the policy of a union of which he is not a member.

Speeches are prepared and then vetted by the man from headquarters. At every stage the Communist delegates are directed, manoeuvred and controlled. And, of course, such thorough organization gets results.

What Lenin Said

The Communist claims to be the best of trade unionists. But is he? Here is what Lenin laid down for all Communists in the trade unions:

"It is particularly important for the purpose of winning over the majority of the proletariat to capture the trade unions, which are genuine mass working-class organizations closely bound up with the everyday struggle of the working class.

"To work in reactionary trade unions and skilfully to capture them, to win the confidence of the broad mass of the industrially organized workers (through the factory councils, co-operative societies, sports organizations, cultural organizations, etc.), to relieve and remove from their posts the reformist leaders represents important tasks in the preparatory period."

That is their guiding principle today.

And when they work for the acceptance of Communist policies in the name of the workers' rights it is not a British policy they are pursuing. For all over the Western world the Communist Party line is now but an extension of Soviet foreign policy—which means that it is aimed at strengthening Russia and weakening those whom she regards as the potential enemies of the future.

60-MILE-AN-HOUR PARLOUR CHAMPION

Continued from page 17

was working his game up to its keenest pitch, met Bergmann again in the finals. After a struggle that lasted fully an hour and a half, and is referred to in superlatives by enthusiasts, Bergmann repeated his earlier win, but both men were left tired and panting for breath.

Leach, walking into the dimly lit sidelines after a much-needed glass of water, tripped and fell over a piece of furniture. He felt a sharp pain in his right thumb. The doctor who examined it announced a broken bone.

"Strap it up," Leach insisted. "I can't let Jack down in the doubles!"

"Nonsense," Carrington told him. "You can't play with a broken thumb."

"Absolutely not," said the doctor.

But Leach was as stubborn as a brick wall. The two friends played—and won—but the four weeks' lay-off which resulted cost Johnny any chance he had for the world's singles title that year and the pair lost in the doubles.

In February of this year Johnny made up for a great deal when he waded through all opposition at Stockholm for the world's singles title. In the quarter finals he faced Dick Miles, the Number One American, who plays spectacularly and has one of the hardest shots in existence. It took five strenuous games to eliminate him.

Twenty minutes later Leach faced Ferenc Soos, a great Hungarian star who relies on an almost impenetrable defence to carry him through to victory, and rarely forces the play.

Bullets, Stonewalls . . .

Says Carrington: "It was murder. One minute Johnny had bullets fired at him by Miles. The next, this man Soos was trying to wear him slowly down to the ground. So Johnny adapted his game to Soos's. He was leading 20 to 13. Then he got a bit careless and let Soos creep up to 18. He asked for the time and was told there were only two minutes left before the twenty-minute limit would be reached. He just kept that ball in play for the two solid minutes. The umpire awarded him the game: 20—18."

Johnny, who is married and has a two and a half year old son, likes to see youngsters interested in the game that made him famous. He and Carrington, now business as well as playing partners, recently bought a small sports goods shop "for the day when we can no longer play in championship form," and—next door—run a school for those who want to improve their game.

They also rent out tables at three shillings an hour. The local youngsters are crazy to play on the same table the champion of the world uses for his practice. So many of them have queued up for a turn at it that it now takes a three weeks' wait to play.

Leach advises youngsters who burn to follow in his footsteps: "If you are really keen to be good you must give up dancing, cinemas, parties—and practise hard. You may have to run a mile a day to keep in trim and skip-rope for your footwork by the hour. You have to give everything to the game—and love doing it."

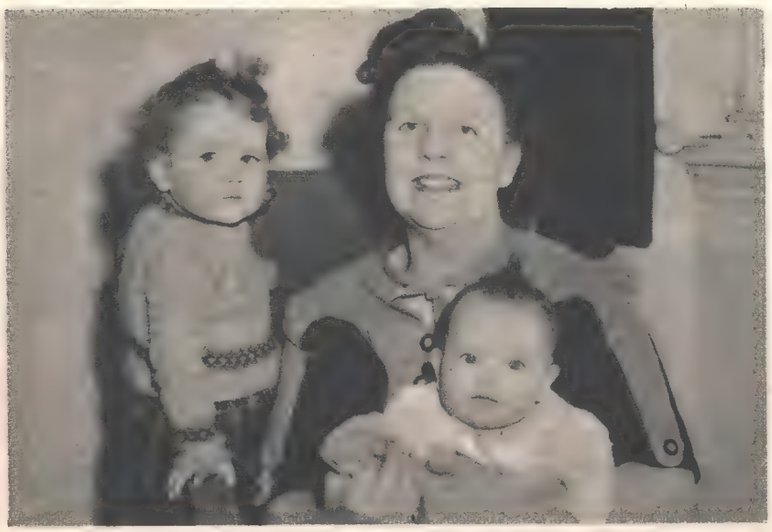
Jack Carrington taught him that. Johnny Leach hasn't forgotten. As for the doubles championship they made a pact to win so long ago, Jack shakes his greying head doubtfully—he's in his late thirties now, and the game is a fast and furious one that leans heavily on youth.

But Johnny regards the pledge as one he must redeem. "We'll win that doubles title yet," he says.

FREE SPEECH

Want to see new scenery? Try Britain, says a reader

A schoolboy claims his academic education is useless



Mrs. B. Nazer: council can't promise house till children are aged ten

RECENTLY, TALKING TO a friend who is going for a holiday to Switzerland to "see something different," I learned that he had never seen Cheddar Gorge, the English lakes, the Scottish Highlands or Wales.

And yet he's travelling half-way across Europe in search of something different. In these small islands of ours we have a variety of scenic beauty unequalled by any country of its size in the world.—CHARLES CRADDUCK, "Upper Sorrels," Fittleworth, Sussex.

The Fruits of Cramming

IN A FEW MONTHS TIME I shall sit for my Higher Schools Certificate examination which, if I pass, will make me eligible for a yearly grant of over £100.

After "cramming" for years I have been taking stock of the real use of all the knowledge I have stored away. I cannot put in a fuse, make a new garden gate, change a washer on a leaking tap—in fact, I'm useless at all practical things.

Surely it is an irrational system which makes me learn chunks of dry-as-dust poetry and yet leaves me incapable of doing small practical jobs.—SCHOOLBOY, Glamorgan. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Looting After the Gale

DURING THE MARCH GALES my bungalow at Sheppey was blown down. Although a ratepayer, I was not informed. When I did arrive all my best rugs, blankets, pots and pans, shoes and tinned food were gone. They had been stored together with the older things—but the older articles had been left.

Even shutters had been unbolted from the windows and taken away. There are human locusts always ready to profit by others' misfortunes.—MRS. S. HEAD, 22 Albany Road, Sittingbourne, Kent.

Vatican and Kremlin

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S article "How the Vatican Hits Back at Stalin" (JOHN BULL, March 19), emphasizes not the differences but the outstanding ruthless similarities between Papal Catholicism and Stalinism.

In the case of the Mindszenty trial, whose action was the more deplorable?—the Communists, who gave the Cardinal a doubtful trial and a life sentence, or the Pope, who excommunicated a group of people—without trial—for "laying impious hands on a prince of the Church and condemning him before a lay court"? For severity the latter punishment wins hands down, for the Pope must have believed it to be a sentence of eternal damnation.—L. H., Suffolk. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Make Undergrounds Safer

EVERY WEEK PEOPLE are killed by falling in front of trains on the London Underground railway stations. Why don't the authorities ensure that this could not happen by fitting a safety barrier the length of the platform which could be automatically lowered into the platform when the train came to a halt in the station?—L. COXSEDGE, 213 Downhills Way, London, N.17.

Offered Unborn Baby

I HAVE HAD AN OFFER, from a complete stranger, of an unborn baby. The mother, who has three children already and does not want the newcomer, apparently got my name from a letter of mine published in "Free Speech."

I cannot for the life of me understand how a woman can give her own flesh and blood away like that.—MRS. D. SURRIDGE GIRAUD, 418 Bromley Road, Kent.

Won't Increase Family

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM'S article "Baby's Fine, But He Needs a Brother" (JOHN BULL, March 12) was of special interest to me as I and my young daughter were in an accompanying photograph. Since then baby's had a brother!

I would like more babies, if only living conditions improved. But as the L.C.C. will not consider our request for rehousing as urgent until the children are ten years old our family will remain limited.—MRS. B. NAZER, 163 Finborough Road, London, S.W.10.

Fees: by a Doctor's Wife . . .

YOUR CORRESPONDENT "Midwife," Lancs ("Free Speech," March 19) claimed that a doctor is entitled to seven guineas for every expectant mother on his books irrespective of his treatment of the case.

This is nonsense: during the last two months my husband has received about two dozen notices from the clinic of patients becoming pregnant. But this does not mean to say he will get seven guineas for each. Unless his assistance is sought he will not receive fees.—DOCTOR'S WIFE, Yorks. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . by a Doctor

I HAVE ATTENDED a considerable number of maternity cases since the new Health Scheme. My average examination figures are: five ante-natal examinations and eight visits during the lying-in period.

Practically all mothers attended by me have had trilene analgesia or chloroform during delivery; and I do not claim to be exceptionally efficient in this respect.

When one counts the cost in broken nights and irregular meals, the fees are little enough.—G. P., Sunderland. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . by a Doctor's Secretary

TO CLAIM THE FULL FEE a doctor must give a full initial examination; an examination at the thirty-sixth week; attendance at the confinement, if necessary; attendance during the fourteen days following birth; and a final examination six weeks after the birth.

If any of these conditions are not fulfilled the full fee is not payable. For merely "booking" a case a doctor receives 10s. 6d.—DOCTOR'S SECRETARY, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Church Gives Support

AT THE CORNER OF OUR street there stands an old church which for many years was not used. Now it is equipped with modern lighting and every morning and afternoon a crowd of people enter it. I asked what was happening and learned, to my astonishment, that it is now in use as a corset factory.—MRS. MARGARET TREMLETT, 9 Bartholomew Street, Exeter.

Challenge from West Clandon

CAN ANY OTHER VILLAGES boast cottages with quainter names than ours? We have a "Keyhole Cottage," "Bones Cottage," "Dibbles," "Perseverance Cottage," and "Butt and Bend Cottage."—MRS. V. COWAN, 2 Maybank Cottages, West Clandon, near Guildford, Surrey.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

PUNISHING CHILDREN

Six-year-old son of Mrs. N. C., Nottingham ("Free Speech," March 19) swopped with friends articles he stole from dressing-table drawer. Punishment: No sweets, ice-cream, pictures for a month.

HOWER LANE, the child expert, would say that the boy of six who stole articles from a drawer was symbolically stealing love. By approving his actions—by giving him love—the desire to steal would be eliminated.—F. TOMLINSON, 6 Derby Terrace, Rawtenstall, Rossendale, Lancs.

A BOY of six does not know the meaning of the word "crime." To punish this little "criminal" by denying him sweets, ice-cream and cinema visits is the surest way to create bitterness in his mind.—H. L. HARDY, 22 Lloyds Terrace, Dunscroft, Doncaster, Yorks.

Mrs. McMullen

THE BOY'S father should pretend to take a favourite toy and exchange it for something else. Then the moral that stealing and swapping is wrong would be brought home to the child. Punishment that continues long after a short memory has forgotten the cause inspires a defiant, anti-social attitude.—MRS. D. M. McMULLEN, 199 Hornby Road, Blackpool.

HE OUGHT to have been put across his father's knee and spanked. This would have been a sharp lesson not to do it again. Punishment lasting a month is rather drastic.—A. A. PEEL, Manchester. (Full address enclosed.)

CAN THE *parents* say they have always respected the child's belongings? Have they never taken them or given them away without his consent? Children learn by example, not by punishment.—MRS. R. K. WRIGHT, 20 Compton Road, London, N.21.

OH, JOHNNY! **by TIM**

"It's a Taperite I want!"

Because

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THEY'RE SLIM

THEY'RE TRIM

THEY'RE

Waterman's

THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY

ITS HISTORY, GROWTH, POLICY AND LEADERS

Exercise of the Parliamentary franchise demands from every citizen a good deal of political knowledge. Electors have to choose which Party they will support. Because the Labour Party exists and holds office today as the strongest Party in Parliament, every citizen must know how the Labour Party came into existence, what it stands for, who leads it, and what it has done.

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BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS

LOOK AROUND Halfords

THIS WAY TO THE SEA!

HERE is reader J. W. Leigh, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness. Our picture shows him with his wife and daughter on holiday, enjoying the view from the heights overlooking Bournemouth.

Now this forty-four year old shipyard worker is feeling on top of the world, for he's just won £500 in *Bullets* with his seasonable and cheering effort, SICK OF IT ALL—BUT SPRING'S "PRETTY NURSE."

Bournemouth is one of the famous resorts at which you and your companion can enjoy a wonderful holiday as JOHN BULL'S guests. Note—Easter Tuesday is the last day to post your coupon for this week's 20 prize holiday.

20 Seaside Holidays

continuing "Bullets" £12,000 Campaign

£500 FIRST PRIZE CASH plus Seaside Holiday for Two

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£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5

Above nine prizes also plus

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10 of £2.10, 25 of £1, 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shot" Awards

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Delicious Game Pie accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is, of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated May 7, and in JOHN BULL dated May 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

The Road Ahead	In Cold Storage
Doctor Seaside	Now She's Spring-clean-
Thing That Counts	At The Hospital [ing
Would Be Welcome	Grandpa's Tough, So
In Search Of Beauty	From Start To Finish
Runs Into Millions	Green With Envy
At The Foreman's Wed-	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Flame Of Love' [ding	Whatever They.....
Heard No More	An Old.....Custom
Awkward Customer	Went On.....
On Went The Lights	To Pacify.....
Exhausted [And	In The Old.....
Voice Of The Cuckoo	.....Of His Life
Everybody's Darling	

NEXT SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFER

in this "Bulletin"

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,676 (or Xword 628) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETIN LABEL
STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 30. If this is first copy applied for please mark × here

489
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EX. ..... 6d.

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Special Easter Closing Postmark, **1,676** TUES., APR. 19

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 623

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pence. 3, Wash. 5, Old. 6, Tell. 8, Balm. 12, Gale. 13, Lear. 14, Rises. DOWN: 1, Parks. 2, Cove. 4, Horse. 7, Fib. 9, Cords. 10, Well. 11, Cops.

TWO £100 SHARERS: E. C. Sankey, 23 Salisbury Avenue, Broadstairs, Kent; F. Woolford, 2 Brampton Road, Croydon, Surrey. In addition each winner receives 14-lb. Food Parcel.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 35 entrants. New "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,671

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus CELEBRATION WEEKEND: E. A. Fryer, 114 Argyll Avenue, Luton: FOOD ISN'T "GIFT PARCEL," MAN!

SECOND PRIZE, £50: F. Jackson, 69 Lloyds Avenue, Scunthorpe: IT'S SURPRISING, BUT—*Godless* USUALLY EXPECT MIRACLES.

THIRD PRIZE, £25: F. Gilbert, c/o Champneys, Tring: GIVE IN TIME AND—YOU'LL RECEIVE IN ETERNITY!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: V. R. Goldby, 59 Lawson Avenue, Tiddington, Stratford-on-Avon: SADLY MISTAKEN—BUT GLADLY, GRANDAD'S SURGEONS. £10: G. E. Martin, 122 Merridale Road, Wolverhampton: BUSY IN THE KREMLIN—"WRECKERS"—*Building* WESTERN UNITY! £5: Miss J. A. Barlow, 37 Primrose Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3: SEARCHING—FOR "KEYHOLE," "SOBERED" SWEETHEARTS. £5: C. F. Green, 21 Tattershall Road, Boston: SADLY MISTAKEN—ABOUT "BULLDOG," COMMUNIST "CANVASSERS." £5: T. Leaver, 175 Eastfield Road, Birmingham, 9: CLEAN SLATE—AND STOP DESERTERS "SPONGING"! £5: Mrs. H. E. Morgan, 10 Pipers Lane, Edgmond, Newport, Salop: SOMETHING SOLID — BEFORE WE'LL "BITE," RUSSIA! £5: G. Scantlebury, 11 Waverley Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth: CAN'T GO ON—TO COMPLETE "CIRCLE," SICKLE.

For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

All prizes have been posted, including 3,000 new "Good Shot" Awards. Winners of 100 Easter Cakes have been notified.

CASH, FOOD and NEW XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's telegram Friday, April 29)

Awards Value **£25** Amongst 1st Runners-up

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THIS WAY TO WIN

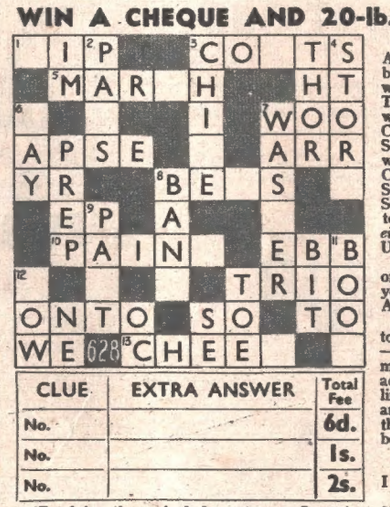
FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 628

1. One is sometimes given with splash
3. Most master tailors learn how to cut them
5. In this, gale is sometimes seen
8. Man making certain kind of these may well not care about honesty
10. The amount that goes into painting of picture can't be told by size of canvas alone
13. It is the young that we get this from

Down Clues

2. Some can truly be described as soft
3. Church bells may seem to do this with a note of sorrow
4. Kiddies easily lose themselves in one
6. In political party, some big bugs insist on having their
7. You may suspect one of becoming slacker
8. Dancing performance sometimes goes with one
9. With more and more experience behind him, an actor lives more and more in his
11. Not everyone considers to be a blessing
12. A man may on occasion be quite unaware that he's making one



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Special Easter Closing Postmark **628** TUES., APR. 19

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 30.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

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WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Training Scheme for Teachers

E. McN. (Edmonton): The Emergency Training Scheme for teachers began to operate during the war. Fully 20,000 men and women have already been trained, another 10,000 are still in colleges, and 7,000 more are awaiting admission.

This will explain why your application is not being considered. No men have been accepted for emergency training during the last eighteen months, but women still stand a chance if they apply before the end of June.

Owing to the shortage of women teachers, girls who left school several years ago are still likely to be regarded as candidates if they have the right sort of qualifications and the right temperament for the profession.

Too Young To Part

J. T. (Heanor): Most educationists consider that a boy of five is too young to be sent to a boarding school—that at this age he needs the sense of security which only a home life can give, and the care and love of his mother and father.

Though some boys are sent to preparatory school when seven, ten years of age is generally thought soon enough for a boy to leave his parents. A girl, in the opinion of many headmistresses, should not leave home till she is fourteen.

Absentees from School

V. R. (Oldham): A National Health Service doctor must issue without charge any medical certificate reasonably required by a patient under any Act. However, medical certificates are regarded as required by parents under the 1944 Education Act only when they are summoned or liable to summons by the local education authority for their children's failure to attend school.

When a parent is asked by a head teacher to produce a medical certificate to support a child's absence, it is not regarded as a certificate under the Act, and the doctor is entitled to charge a fee for it.

National Service Pay

M. B. (Deal): The new rates of pay are applicable to National Servicemen only after their first year's service. Their wives do not get the increased marriage allowance, but they can be considered for a National Service grant.

Thanks!

E. L. (Southgate) writes: "Many thanks for your help. I have received my postwar credits as well as a sum of £13 18s. which I had not realized was due to me. It has taken you only a few days to accomplish what I have been trying to do for fifteen months."

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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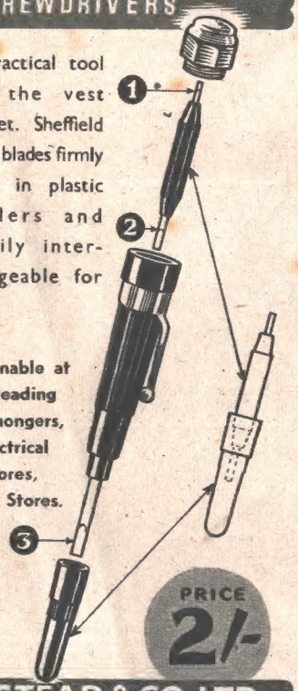

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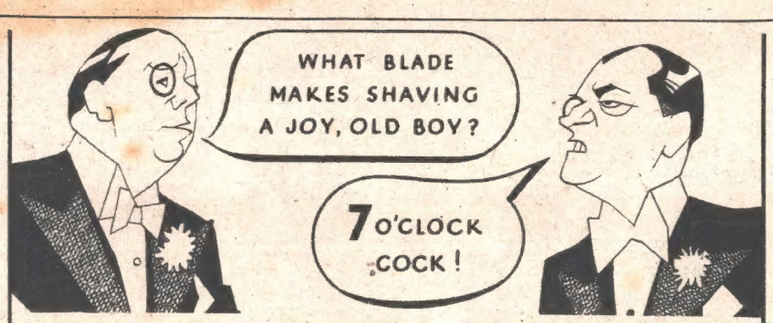

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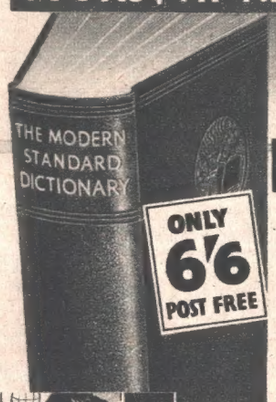

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